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# INSIDE • THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT •

GEORGE LELAND HUNTER









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Jack's Living Room (see Chapter II)

# INSIDE THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT

*The story, told in conversation, of how  
two homes were furnished*

BY

GEORGE LELAND HUNTER

AUTHOR OF

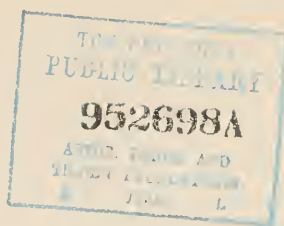
"HOME FURNISHING," "TAPESTRIES: THEIR ORIGIN,  
HISTORY AND RENAISSANCE"

*WITH THIRTY-SIX ILLUSTRATIONS  
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS*



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TO MY BELOVED WIFE, ESTHER  
THE ORIGINAL OF MARY



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## PREFACE

I WISH here to express my thanks not only to the owners, but also to Messrs. Francis H. Kimball and F. Y. Joannes, the architects of the House that Jack Built, and to Messrs. Hiss and Weeks, the architects of Tom's house, for their courtesy in allowing me to secure the necessary photographs, and use them as I have used them, to help present in dialogue facts and fancies about house furnishing. While I believe that the little story has attractive merit, I feel entitled to claim but a small part of the credit for its success, as it was suggested by Mr. Walter H. Dyer, the editor of *Country Life in America*, in the pages of which it first appeared, and to the publishers of which I am indebted for permission to reproduce it in book form; while Mr. Arthur G. Eldredge was responsible for most of the photographs, and Mary for the vivacity and human interest of the narrative.

G. L. H.

NEW YORK, March, 1914.





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INSIDE THE HOUSE  
THAT JACK BUILT



# INSIDE THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT

## CHAPTER I

### THE HOUSE

**T**HE house that Jack built has a wonderful situation and a wonderful view. It sits high on the top of a forested hill, with a clear horizon to the north, northeast and west. In the valley down below can be seen the line of the old aqueduct, an embankment that furnishes a splendid promenade for holidays and Sundays. Off to the northeast is the tower that stores the water which supplies Jack's house and protects it from fire.

But it is the landscape to the west and northwest—the historic and noble Hudson, with its glorious western bank and hundreds of steam and gasoline and sail and row boats—that fascinates me most. No wonder that Jack and Mary liked to sit out on the porch and watch the

pageant on the river, and the transformation of woods and sky as the sun drops low in the west. No wonder that so many of Mary's luncheons are served out on the porch, and that Mary's luncheon parties are so popular with the ladies of the neighborhood. Jack seldom joins them, for he is active in business, commuting to New York daily in order to secure the wherewithal to keep the house supplied with necessities and luxuries.

I shall never forget my first visit to the house, one rich day last autumn. The air was fresh and keen, although the sky was overcast and clouds of mist were rolling in from the ocean. I was met at the station by the automobile that quickly and easily climbed the hills from the river level to Jack's house. At every turn of the winding road a new surprise presented itself. For in this part of the country are to be found some of the most delightful homes in the world—one of them a reproduction of Mount Vernon built by Mr. W. W. Law for his daughter. And almost all of these homes are cleverly landscaped and closely related to the land and trees around them.

Jack was on the veranda to welcome me.

"It is quite a climb to get up here from the





The House that Jack Built.

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highway," I remarked to Jack. "The roadway must have cost you a pretty penny."

"Yes," said Jack, with some feeling, "it cost nearly as much as the house itself. Thank heaven, it's done now, and the automobile takes the incline without a murmur. When I first spoke of building on the summit of this hill, some of my friends said I was crazy; that the wind would blow us away in winter, and that the house would be absolutely impossible to heat."

"Have you found it so?" I asked.

"Well, it was cold last winter," admitted Jack, "mighty cold, and this winter we're going into town December 15th. But in all except the severest weather the steam keeps us comfortably warm, and all the year around we have air and sunshine galore. We live among beautiful trees, with birds and squirrels as our neighbors, and though only a few miles from Manhattan we are as secluded as the landed proprietors of ancient European castles. And in the autumn—well, you see for yourself," he said, pointing to the magnificent golden-brown foliage that adorned the tall trees at the northeast corner of the house. I was later delighted to discover that the guest chamber, in this corner of the house, had been

decorated and furnished in tones of golden brown borrowed from the outside.

The verandas I liked particularly. They are spacious and are appropriately furnished with wicker and rough hickory and other rustic furniture, and the large veranda at the northwest corner has light wooden blinds as a protection against sun and rain. The box seat and pillows at the end of this veranda are very inviting and comfortable, and the flowers that Mary placed in the basket beside the table in honor of my visit added a feminine touch of beauty that I still remember gratefully. Mary, by the way, not only put fresh flowers here, but in other parts of the house, all artfully arranged with the skill that is natural to the Japanese, and by some Americans acquired.

These flowers impressed me mightily, but not a word did I say about them until just as I was leaving. Then I said, "Mrs. Jack, I want to congratulate you on your skill and taste in the arrangement of flowers."

Mary flushed, but looked pleased. 'All she said was, "I wondered if you were going away without noticing them."

The open veranda or terrace is at the northeast corner of the house. It is protected at the east



Jack's Covered Porch.

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end from the cold winds. The floor is of rough tiles, and the two doors open into the living-room.

I told Jack I thought his house a great success.

"Yes," replied Jack, "we are very well satisfied, but I do wish I had known about fireplaces sooner. It cost me \$250 after the house was built to hire an expert to create a draught in the living-room fireplace. For \$50 an expert will go over your place beforehand and guarantee, if his suggestions are followed, that the chimneys will draw. No draw, no pay. He also guarantees results after the house is built, but he charges from \$250 to \$1,000 for doing it. I wish we had employed him beforehand," he added reflectively.

This is to be the story of the furnishing and decorating of Jack's house—the solving of problems that beset every homebuilder. Because Jack and Mary were unusually successful it has seemed to me worth while to tell the story in detail. And it is a story not without the romance that ever hovers about the making of a home.

In all their undertakings they were much helped by the similar experiences of their Cousin Tom. In some respects they have im-

proved upon Cousin Tom's house; in others I think he has a little the best of it.

Cousin Tom's house, like Jack's, is near to the heart of Nature. The fine trees, particularly the Japanesque one at the northeast corner, background the house splendidly. But in most respects it is in strong contrast. Jack's house is of rough stone and shingles, set on a hill miles from open water. Tom's is right on the edge of Long Island Sound and is of double hollow-tile construction—a costly but durable material—with tiled roof. One reason for this expensive construction was that the man for whom the house was built is prominent in one of the big construction companies, and consequently could secure results at minimum cost.

If Jack's house has a wonderful forest view, Tom's has an equally wonderful water view. Here is a place where one could spend weeks studying the moods of sky and ocean, watching the craft that crowd the Sound, listening to the stories told by these weird trees where leaves are always rustling.

The approach to Tom's house is much less effective than the approach to Jack's. You enter far in the rear along a narrow road, with the garage to one side and a children's Japanese

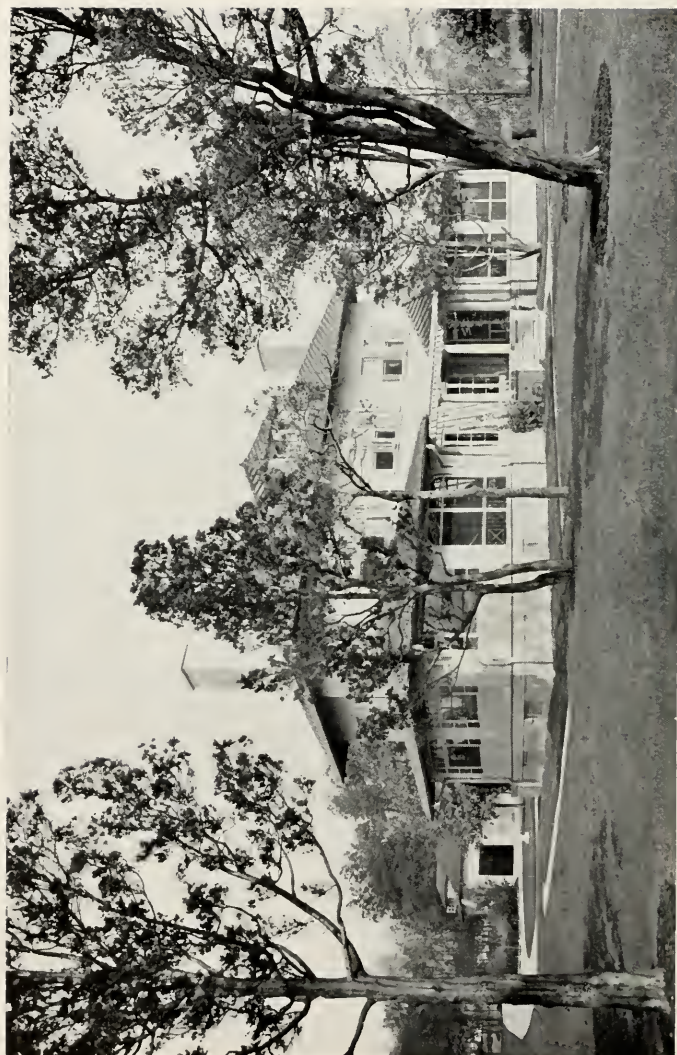


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Cousin Tom's House.

play-house on the other. Only when you are well past the south side of the house do you begin to realize the charm of the surroundings; and not until you are well out toward the water-line do you get a full view of the front of the house.

The architectural plan of Tom's house is simple and good, with classic forms in the pergolaed veranda in the middle, and classic in general proportions. The sun rooms on each side of the main entrance are completely protected from the weather. I fancy that when the Sound kicks up under a heavy wind, and the spray drives high and far inland, the windows and walls of these sun rooms are very welcome.

Cousin Tom has just made plans for the enlarging of his house. I didn't have an opportunity to talk them over with him, but I very much fear that it will be difficult to make an addition of any kind without ruining the unity of the whole.

## CHAPTER II

## THE LIVING-ROOM

“I’M sorry the draperies aren’t up,” said Mary as we were making ready to photograph the living-room of the house that Jack built. “They are really very attractive, in old-gold velours, with a classic galoon in dull metal. If you can come again next week, I’ll have them hung.”

“No, thank you, Mrs. Jack,” I responded. “That is not at all necessary. Indeed, I think the photograph of the room will on the whole be clearer and more satisfactory without the draperies than with them.” (*See frontispiece.*)

At this point, I should like to state that the upholstery of the sofa and window-seat (hidden by slip-covers in the illustration) is also in old-gold velours, with dull metal galoons used judiciously. The draperies themselves I later saw in the attic, hanging in their slip-covers and fragrant with camphor balls to protect them from moths.

“I always take them down very early in the spring and put them up again late in the fall,”

said Mary. "Jack and I like all the fresh air and sunlight we can get, and keep the windows constantly open as long as the weather permits. The two door-windows that open from the living-room upon the east veranda are never closed in summer."

"I like the rug," I said, indicating the excellent Gorevan, 12 feet by 16. "The browns and dull greens blend beautifully with the golds and creams, and give the weight desirable on the floor as distinguished from the walls. Then, too, the texture is good; not too fine, not too coarse, and above all the pile is just deep enough for the size and shape of the room. Rugs with very deep pile are suitable only for very large rooms with very high ceilings. Rugs with very short pile should be used in small rooms with low ceilings, or for table covers or wall panels."

"Why is that?" asked Jack.

"Because," I answered, "the deep pile swallows up more light than the short pile, and consequently looks nearer to the eye, raising the apparent level of the floor beneath the feet."

"Then if the floor were a mirror," commented Mary, "it would recede from the eye, and increase the apparent distance of the floor from the ceiling."

"Right you are," I responded. "That is the reason why pile rugs are the fundamental floor covering, just as tapestries are the fundamental wall hanging. The rugs not only are more solid beneath the foot, they look more solid and give what not only seems, but also is, a safe footing for the heaviest man. Parquet floors, on the contrary, seem to recede from the foot as it advances toward them; and they not only are slippery, but look even more slippery than they are."

"I understand about the rugs," said Jack, "but why do you call tapestries the fundamental wall decoration?"

"Because they lock into the architecture. The fundamental lines of architecture, the lines that distinguish man-made structures from those of nature, are horizontal and vertical—and not roughly horizontal and roughly vertical either, but exactly horizontal and exactly vertical, true to the plumb. So, too, the fundamental lines of tapestry. The surface of all wall tapestries consists of horizontal ribs in relief, from eight to twenty to the inch, crossed by fine vertical weft threads that often combine into slender spires of color, called hatchings."

"Well," said Jack, "that's a new one on me."





Jack's Open Porch.

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I always regarded tapestries as a kind of woven mural paintings, and measured their merit by the reality of the illusion produced. But now I see I've got to cultivate a new sense, and see and study tapestries just the way Mary has studied paintings, before I shall be able to tell a good tapestry from a bad tapestry, or really understand why a good tapestry is good."

"You hit the nail on the head that time," I commented, with considerable admiration for Jack's quickness of comprehension. "It is with tapestries as it is with any other form of art. The ignoramus has no right to an opinion at all. In art as in letters, the alphabet must be acquired first. Those persons who without knowledge or training or experience boldly proclaim that 'they know what they like' ought to be ashamed of themselves."

"I often think that," said Mary, whose taste in dress is above reproach, "when I see some of the gowns that women wear. If those gowns are an expression of their personalities, then they ought to be ashamed of themselves."

Jack laughed and I laughed, and then Jack turned the subject.

"How do you like the mantel?" he asked.

"Very well indeed," I answered. "It is the

right size for the room and has enough of the richness of the Italian Renaissance to render it a worthy frame for a fireplace with a \$250 throat."

At this Mary laughed heartily. She evidently regarded the joke as on Jack. Then she began to rearrange the flowers on the table, as if repentant at having joined in the fun at her husband's expense. Jack, however, hadn't minded a bit. Indeed, I think he rather likes to tell the fireplace story, and also the story about building the road that climbs up from the highway. Houses that people build, or live in a long time, become endeared to them by association, and the stories of domestic haps and mishaps become part not only of their conversational stock in trade, but of their very characters.

"One thing especially I want to congratulate your architect on," I remarked to Jack, "and that is the molding that borders the ceiling. The ceiling is so high in proportion to its other dimensions that it needs the heavy molding not only to tie it to the ornamental plaster work of the main architectural feature of the room, the mantel, but also to make it seem a little lower than it really is."

"Does it really make the ceiling look lower?" asked Jack, regarding it from different parts of the room somewhat doubtfully.

"Indeed it does," I responded. "You can easily prove it to yourself by looking at a compartment ceiling with much relief ornament, like the one in the main reading-room of the New York Public Library. If that ceiling were plain and flat, it would pull skyward away from the rest of the interior, destroying entirely the symmetry and balance of its proportions. Of course, in the Library the polychrome treatment also brings the ceiling down. A ceiling looks highest when not only plain but also finished white."

"How did you learn all that?" broke in Mary. "I never see anything like that in books and magazine articles on decoration."

"Probably not," I assented. "I have several times in magazine articles touched on the subject of advancing and receding surfaces, but have never as thoroughly set forth the causes that make surfaces appear to advance or recede, as I shall in this book about your experiences in furnishing."

"Well," said Jack, "it's mighty interesting; all the more so because you can test it out with your

own eyes, and don't have to put it up to some chap with a spectroscope or a photometer."

"Most decorative problems," I suggested, "are common sense and experience problems rather than scientific problems. If people would only open their eyes and use them, their opinions and decisions would cause much less trouble to architects and decorators."

"Who is responsible for the bookcase in the corner?" I asked. It was simply made and finished in white enamel, good enough by itself, but hardly in keeping with a room beautifully paneled in oak in the Old English fashion.

Mary looked guilty. Finally Jack said: "Oh, we just had the carpenter come in one day and put it up. It serves the purpose well enough."

"If your architect ever sees it," I remarked, "he'll throw nine fits."

"He has," said Jack. "At least, I mean he has seen it, and made me promise to have it taken out as soon as he sends me sketches for what he considers an appropriate case running along the whole north side of the room."

"Your big Jacobean table," I remarked, in order to relieve the tension produced by my criticism of the bookcase, "is very good. I love those carved, bulbous legs and solid construction

below. Besides that, the table goes well with the mantel. About the chair beside the table, I'm not so sure. While the back is good seventeenth century, the legs belong to the eighteenth. The mahogany tea table is also of the eighteenth century in style."

"And the tabouret comes from Damascus, and the lamp with Chinese teakwood base and Chinese porcelain bowl, has a silk shade of the Marie Antoinette type made in Paris." So much from Mary with some vigor in her tone.

"Yes," I added, "and the Chinese porcelain bowl was painted by hand with Chinese flowers not in China but in Paris, and the lamp was wired for electricity not in Paris but in New York, because the foreign wiring is not suitable for use here."

"Speaking about wiring," said Jack, "we were much more fortunate than a friend of ours in New Rochelle. His was a small house and the wiring of it was done by a local electrician. When the lighting fixture firm asked for a plan of the outlets, there was no plan to be had, and it took about three weeks to worry out of the electrician a list of the outlets by rooms with the light power of each. And it turned out that the reason the electrician had been able to put in the

lowest bid was that he under-wired the house, putting in only two-thirds enough outlets and half enough circuits to supply the brackets and fixtures absolutely needed."

"It seems to me you use rather technical language for a layman," I suggested. "You must have given some time and attention to this question of lighting fixtures."

"I have," said Jack. "I've had to buy the fixtures for a number of large apartment buildings, and trouble enough I had with it all. The lighting fixture salesmen talk all the time about the beauty of their models and the solidity of their castings and the elegance of their finishes, but when you ask how to light a room properly, their volubility usually ceases. And when it doesn't, it should. The average lighting fixture salesman doesn't know any more about lighting a room than he does about aviation."

"Undoubtedly true," I assented, "but there are notable exceptions. And there are a number of architects who really understand the subject. The late Stanford White was a past master. His residence in Gramercy Park, now the Princeton Club, was the most beautifully and effectively lighted house I have ever seen."

"Certainly your living-room isn't overlight-

ed," I went on, measuring with my eye the height of the four brackets and of the candlesticks on the mantel."

"No," said Mary, "it isn't overlighted, but it is very agreeably lighted. The table lamp and the piano lamp are not only useful but ornamental and add a bit of color that is very attractive."

"At any rate," I said, "the side lights and mantel lights are up out of the range of vision. And the dull antique gold surfaces of the metallized compo standards and brackets, as well as the shapes, are in harmony with the character of the room."

"The lighting was really done by the architect," said Mary. "He planned the outlets and made a rough pencil sketch of the type of bracket he wanted us to get."

"Those look like real candles, but I know they are not," said I, pointing to the two candelabra on the mantel. They carried no round frosted bulbs like the brackets.

"No," said Jack, "they're not real candles. They're the new English type of electric candle that glows the length of the candle from a long slender electric glass tube inside. Rather decorative," Jack added, switching them on.



"Is your whole house fully equipped with switches," I asked. Sometimes switches are provided only for those rooms that have candle brackets which it is impracticable though not impossible to light locally, and the rest of the fixtures and brackets are left to get on with keys and chain pulls.

"Switches everywhere," said Jack. "It made the electrician's bill high, but the architect insisted and we have always been glad that he did. Besides, in the long run switches save money. When lights are not in use they are put out. Another good thing our architect did was to place floor and wall plugs where they would do most good, like the two that supply the lamps on the table and the piano."

"It seems a pity you had to cut a hole for the electric cord through the rug," I said to Mary.

"Oh, yes," she answered. "I wouldn't consent at first. But we did need the light on the table. And anyway it's a very small hole."

"Did I tell you about my visit to your Cousin Tom's house?" I asked, lighting one of Jack's cigars.

Mary was immediately all attention. "Do you like Cousin Tom's living-room better than ours?" she queried earnestly.





Cousin Tom's Living Room.

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"No, I can't say that I do," I responded. "It is an entirely different type of room. Yours is Old English in general character, while Tom's is Colonial. Yours has a high ceiling and Tom's a low ceiling. The walls of yours are paneled in wood, while wall paper adorns the walls of the other."

"It seems to me that our living-room hangs together better," said Mary. "Cousin Tom's seems to pull apart in the middle."

"Yes, to some extent, if you look only at the floor. The use of several Persian rugs, instead of one big one to dominate the interior, makes against unity. But that tendency to pull apart is, I think, counterbalanced by the lowness of the ceiling and the classic cornice that frames the room."

"Besides," said Mary, "I don't think it as comfortable as our room."

"You mean," interrupted Jack, "it hasn't a big sofa and a big window-seat with pillows galore to nestle down in. That is your first idea of comfort in a room."

"And quite rightly," I commented. "If you can't sit down and recline comfortably in a room, there is little comfort in it."

"That is a charming mirror over Tom's man-

tel," said Mary. "I don't wonder Harriet likes to sit at the table facing it."

"Yes, and the two old candelabra with their prisms and cutglass shades go with it beautifully," said Jack. "In fact, I think I like all the lighting fixtures in Tom's room better than those in ours."

"His is certainly much more brightly lighted than yours," I remarked, "although it is larger and has the same number of lights. The ground-glass shades tone the light very agreeably, and the lightness of the woodwork and wall paper and ceiling render them reflecting surfaces of high value. The light that comes to them they reflect and re-reflect, instead of swallowing it up as dark surfaces do. Then, too, the ceiling being low, it is wise to make it seem higher by illuminating it brightly."

"I guess they need all the light they can get down there on foggy days," said Jack. "Up here on the top of a hill we never need artificial light in the daytime, even when the skies are blackest and the atmosphere thickest."

"I think each room is well suited to its environment," I added. "Your Old English room on the top of a hill backgrounded by tall trees and wonderful foliage, Tom's down by the

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Mantel in Cousin Tom's Living Room.

seaside with its everchanging vistas of sky and water."

"I prefer the top of the hill," said Mary.

"And I," chimed in Jack.

**AUTHOR'S NOTE.**—For itemized cost of the furniture of the living rooms, dining rooms, owner's bedrooms, den, sun rooms, guest rooms, see page 196. For floor-plans of The House that Jack Built, see pages 166 and 168.

## CHAPTER III

## THE DINING-ROOM

EARLY in June, Jack and Mary were on their way home from Cousin Tom's. The day was fine and the sun hastening down the western horizon. The car was running smoothly and silently, and they were in high spirits. For several months they had been furnishing their dining-room, visiting several of the better shops in New York City and one of the cheaper ones, talking over the subject with Cousin Tom and Cousin Harriet and other relatives, admiring or condemning the dining-rooms of their friends, and listening seriously to the suggestions of their architect, Mr. Joannes. For while Jack has a will of his own, and has a way of getting accomplished what he and Mary want, his wide experience and natural ability have educated him in matters of style and taste to consult the expert rather than the novice, and even to allow his own personal predictions to be overruled by others, especially Mary.



Of all the stupidities and inanities perpetrated for newspapers and magazines on the subject of interior decoration and furnishing, by those who write with little knowledge and less taste, none is more misleading than the idea that a man's home should be the expression of his own personality as he himself understands it. Oliver Wendell Holmes, in the Professor at the Breakfast Table, described humans as having three personalities—what they themselves think they are, what other people think they are, what God knows they are. Of these three personalities, the first is decoratively the least desirable to translate into draperies and rugs and furniture, even the second is not altogether suited for interpretation in material form, while the third is one revealed to us never completely but sometimes partially in those vivid and inspired moments when God seems to have opened our earthly eyes and ears to spiritual truth.

When the portrait painter puts a man or a woman on canvas, it is not enough to seize one of the three personalities and freeze it fast in paint. The great portrait is one that is a composite of the three personalities, and the greatest portrait of all is the one that expresses the individual not as he is but as he hopes to be in

his most earnest and eager moments of self-communion. So it is with a home. The home ideal is the one that expresses a family not as it is but as it hopes to be, and that by surrounding them with beautiful objects beautifully grouped against a beautiful background, lifts them to a higher plane of decorative knowledge and taste.

I have no patience with those who sneer at the man who having made his pile employs the best architect and the best decorator to build and furnish him a fine residence. The nouveau riche is right—right not only from his own point of view and that of his family, but also from that of the general welfare and culture of the country. By surrounding himself and his wife and children with the best, he is improving and developing their perceptions and preparing them to meet on a more equal footing those who acquired culture by inheritance and early environment.

But enough of this philosophical digression. Jack and Mary are already halfway home from Cousin Tom's house, climbing the steep grades that lead up from the shore of Long Island Sound to the hills near the Hudson.

"Jack," said Mary, putting her hand on his arm to attract his attention, "don't you think

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Dining Room in Cousin Tom's House.

the paper on Harriet's dining-room has too large figures? The first thing you see as you go in are those big grapevines with big clusters of grapes and big leaves chasing one another around the room. I don't see much Colonial simplicity in that."

"It is rather overpowering, I must admit," responded Jack, smiling fondly at Mary. "What I liked best in the room was the magnificent Oriental rug on the floor."

"No wonder," said Mary. "Harriet told me it cost Tom \$350, and he in the business at that. Tom likes Oriental rugs, especially Persians, better than any other form of art, and spends more time with his Oriental rug buyer than with any other man in his employment."

"His home shows it," commented Jack. "Don't you remember the living-room—no less than seven—or was it eight?—Persian rugs, one of them a large one?"

"Well, I think that's very nice," said Mary. "He loves Oriental rugs, and is able to have them of the kind and quality he wants. But I'm glad our house is in darker colors, so that we are able to have rugs of darker tone. I think the Bokhara we bought for the dining-room is just a dear. The wide selvage at each end, and the

long and shaggy fringes, and the rich reds and blues make me warm and comfortable just to look at them."

"Yes," assented Jack, "and our rug cost only \$200, a little over half what Tom paid, and he gets his at wholesale. Did you notice how much cosier our dining-room is than Tom's?"

"Yes, indeed," said Mary, "and it is nearly as large as theirs. I think Harriet said theirs was 17 by 18 feet, and ours is 15 by 18, with something taken out of the two corners by the catty-cornered walls."

"Our dining-room hangs together better," suggested Jack, calling to the chauffeur to drive less rapidly, "and has more individuality. Those walls across the corners were certainly a happy idea of Mr. Joannes's."

"Why, Jack," said Mary, "they weren't his idea at all. Before he designed the house at all I told him I wanted catty-cornered walls in the dining-room."

"Yes, I remember now," said Jack. "And he came back at you by saying a woman's first idea on entering a room is to shift the furniture, and if possible to catty-corner a piano or desk or bureau, and then turn round for applause."

"I thought it was very rude of him, at the

time," said Mary. "And the way you laughed wasn't at all polite."

"Never mind, dearest," retorted Jack, "we must all live and learn, and you have never even suggested cattycornering the piano in our living-room."

"That for you," said Mary, slapping his cheek, but gently, and then taking hold of his hand under the carriage robe, "you never forget any joke on me. I notice you never say anything about the time you tried to decorate the house with autumn leaves."

"No," laughed Jack, "naturally enough. I now leave the subject of flowers and foliage entirely to you, and declare you the queen of them all."

Mary gave his hand a squeeze, and returned to the subject of the dining-room. "Our tinted walls are certainly much more pleasing than their wall paper," she said. "Why, if we had wall paper like that in our dining-room, it would be impossible to eat for the noise."

"I don't think it is quite as bad in Tom's dining-room as it would be in ours," said Jack amiably.

"I think it's worse," said Mary. "There is certainly nothing Colonial about that grapevine



pattern. Of course, it's not Old English either, but somehow the rich colors and strong pattern effect seem to suggest anything but Colonial."

"There is Colonial and Colonial," said Jack. "Isn't it Mr. Hunter who is always getting off that epigram about 'Colonial being the mixture of all styles, just as Mission is the absence of any'?"

"That's his," answered Mary. "And every time I see one of those old-fashioned Colonial rooms, with Jacobean, Queen Anne, Charles II, Chippendale, Sheraton, and Hepplewhite jumbled together, and Empire thrown in to complete the confusion, I think of him."

"Well," said Jack, "be sure not to see too many Colonial rooms, especially those of the polygeneric type."

"What's that?" asked Mary; "and where did you get it?"

"That," responded Jack, "is a particular pet of mine I acquired in a course on anthropology, when a sophomore at Harvard. It means 'of many kinds or races.' I always use it when anybody throws a large chunk of the encyclopedia in my direction. Where did you learn how to assemble all those names you mouthed so fluently?"



"Oh, I've been reading up when you didn't know," said Mary. "I've been all through Jennings's 'Our Homes,' and you know I read Mr. Hunter's articles in *Country Life* religiously."

"And Jack," she went on, "there was the most amusing anecdote in Mr. Jennings's book about an English Jack and Mary."

"How did it go?" asked Jack.

"Oh, something like this," answered Mary. "She thought she would make him a useful present on his birthday, so she bought him a set of chairs for the dining-room. When he came home at night, she showed him the chairs, saying, 'I hope you'll like these Sheraton chairs.' Instead of kissing her and petting her and telling her they were just splendid, and leaving any unpleasant facts until later, he looked stupidly at her without saying a word and she naturally got choked and asked, with tears in her eyes: 'Why, Jack, what's the matter? Don't you like them?' He hesitated and stammered and finally came out with, 'Mary, what makes you think they're Sheraton?' Her spirits revived. The situation wasn't so awful, after all. 'Why, Jack!' she responded confidently, 'the clerk said they weren't walnut, and I know they're not Chippendale, so they must be Sheraton.'"

"A rattling good story," laughed our American Jack, "and cleverly told. You're getting to be quite a raconteur, Mary."

"I have to," said Mary, "the afternoons at the Priscilla Club would be as slow as a church social if some one didn't work up stories and conversation beforehand."

"I don't believe you have to do much of that," said Jack. "You're a born talker, the most interesting one I ever met. Even the simplest event of the day becomes picturesque in your mouth."

Mary said nothing. She had heard this so many times that to deny it seemed an act of over-self-consciousness. Nevertheless she was pleased. Every compliment Jack paid her was one more link in the velvet chain that bound them together. And in return she was very generous to Jack in her appreciations of him. Her mother had been one of those wise women who learn from experience, and one of the lessons she taught her daughter was the importance *not* of *making* people do things, but of making them *want* to do them. "It is just the same in the home as in the big world," she used to say. "The moment you arouse enthusiasm, the victory is half won. Napoleon conquered because his soldiers believed in him and *wanted* with him. The woman

who longs to be a power for good in her home and in the community must learn to stir the imaginations of those around her, and capture their interest not only by the way she tells things but also by the way she does things."

"Jack," said Mary, giving his hand another gentle pressure, "you were very wise when you insisted on having the dining-room furniture made as Mr. Joannes wanted it. I could never bear to live with Tom's dining-room chairs and table. I don't believe the architect could, either."

"Of course not," assented Jack. "Mr. Hiss is a man of broad culture and unusually good taste in decoration and furniture. He never saw the home after Tom bought it. And even with the selection of the furniture that was in it before that he had practically nothing to do. His client took the matter into his own hands."

"I'm glad we listened to Mr. Joannes," said Mary. "The only regret I have is that he couldn't have helped us choose all the furnishings."

"You could hardly expect that," said Jack. "The importance of the commission didn't justify it. But he certainly did prevent us from making a lot of mistakes."

"And he made us get hand-carved furniture for the dining-room. Everybody says that that is the most attractive set of furniture in the house."

"About the only real set," commented Jack.

"And much more of a set," said Mary, "than the furniture in Tom's dining-room."

"Oh, that isn't a set at all," agreed Jack. "The sideboard is a modern version of Sheraton, the chairs are a Colonial attempt at Chippendale as revised by a modern maker, and the big round table has feet which look like those of the Roman colossus that gave its name to the Colosseum."

Mary laughed. "I'm afraid we like our own things best. I almost quarreled with Harriet about the best way of lighting a dining-room. She insists on table candles, with the other lights turned low after the guests are seated at table."

"I like that myself," said Jack, "when the table is large and the guests are many. But for ordinary, every-day use, give me our big silk shade. Its brownish golds are simply beautiful, and having some woven stuff in the center of the room, softens it."

"I think so, too," said Mary, "but I did just



Another View of Jack's Dining Room

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love the two silver candelabra that Harriet received from Uncle Henry as a wedding present, the ones that stood on the mantel, I mean."

"Yes," assented Jack, "they were just fine for a Colonial room, but disregarding all questions of style and just looking at them from the point of intrinsic merit of design, I think our dining-room brackets have theirs beaten a mile."

"Just as I think you have every other man in the world beaten many miles," said Mary, as the car took the first turn of the road leading up from the highway to their home.

In a few minutes they were on the porch, watching a wonderful sunset, at peace with themselves and with the world, and grateful to God for His goodness to them in allowing them to live where they do and as they do."

## CHAPTER IV

## THE OWNER'S BEDROOM

“**Y**OU look tired, Mary,” said Jack, tenderly, as they entered their apartment on Central Park South, which they were soon to give up for a house of their own—the House that Jack built. “I’m afraid we ought not to have kept it up all day. The morning at Henderson’s was quite enough to fag out the strongest man, let alone a delicate woman.”

“Speak for yourself,” retorted Mary. “I’m no more tired than you are. And I noticed that at luncheon you were too exhausted to say a word until you had stuffed yourself full. Why, I couldn’t get a word out of you. If it had been any one else, I’d have called it plain grouch. But you’re never that, no matter what else you may be.”

Jack smiled. He loved Mary’s vivacity, and accepted her Parthian shafts of wit without a protest, even when they made him wince. “I



was just hungry, Mary; hungry as a bear, and you know I never can talk when I'm starving."

"Well, I'll forgive you this time," said Mary, "but don't let it happen again. I'm willing to do my share of the conversation and more, but I like an occasional question or comment in order to make sure I'm being listened to."

"As if any one could help listening to you," smiled Jack.

"That'll do for your taffy," returned Mary. "You get me all worked up and excited, and then think you can stroke me down with a few soft words."

"Can't I?" asked Jack.

Mary turned the subject. It always annoys her to linger too long in the same conversational territory. As soon as she grasps the situation completely, she imagines every one else has, and presto! change! Besides, she wanted tea and she wanted to talk about bedroom furniture.

"I don't think much of the example rooms at Henderson's," she remarked, after they had removed their wraps. They were seated in the tiny reception-room facing the Park, and Mary was dangling the silver tea-ball in Jack's cup.

"They certainly represent an immense expenditure of money," commented Jack.

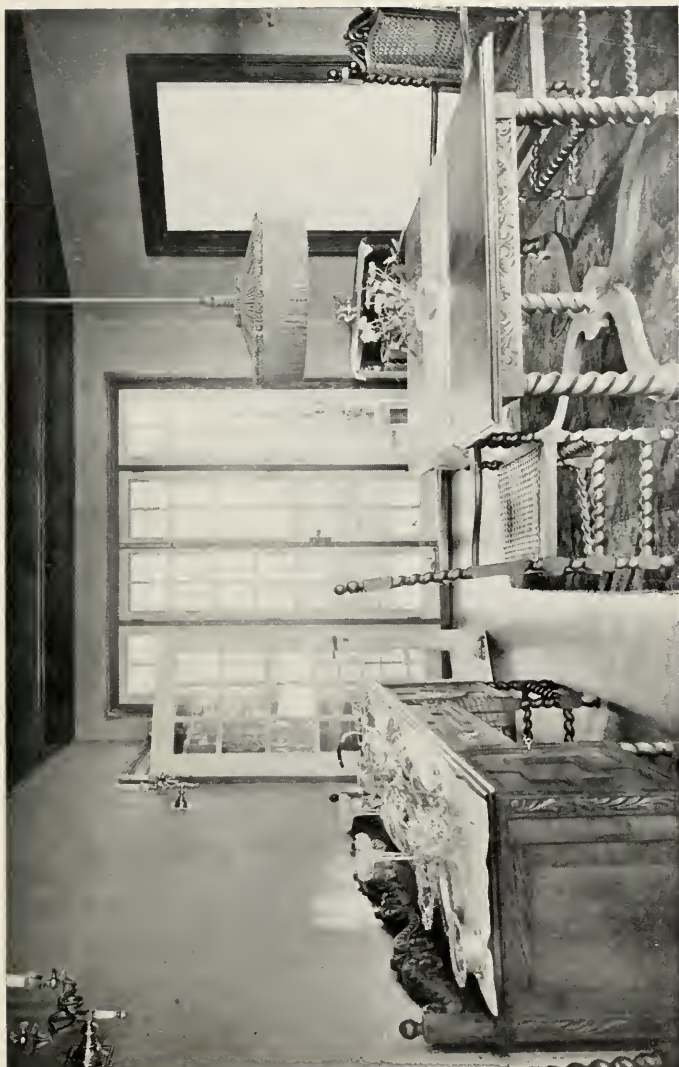
"Money thrown away," declared Mary.

"They certainly draw the crowd," said Jack.

"That's just what I don't like about them," said Mary. "I don't enjoy being elbowed when I'm trying to make up my mind whether the room I'm looking at is in the Adam style that I do like, or in the Georgian style that I don't like. I want to have space and plenty of it, and a chance to read the signs that tell the story."

"We were particularly unfortunate to-day," said Jack. "One of the clerks told me they have a guessing contest on this week, a prize for the persons who guess nearest, and next nearest, and second next nearest, to the prices of the furnishings of the different rooms."

"How much is the prize?" queried Mary, with lively interest. She was keen on prizes. She always won—or rather she always got a prize at progressive euchre parties—so Jack said. But it was quite as often the consolation prize as one of the high ones. Some afternoons Mary didn't feel like playing euchre. And if she didn't, woe to her score and all those who were her partners. She would simply bubble over with stories of the exciting things that she had seen happen that very day, on her way



Jack's Dining Room.

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there—a horse that had slipped down in the street and refused to get up until she gave him a piece of sweet stuff out of her bonbonnière. All the crowd thought he was hurt, had broken his leg or something, and the policeman was going to shoot him. But the horse no sooner got kind words and confectionery, than up he jumped and went back to the thankless task of dragging a dilapidated express wagon, and enduring the insults and blows of his driver, a dirty lad of twelve or fourteen.

However, Jack sometimes exaggerates Mary's amiable weaknesses. Life with her has injected a great deal of additional picturesqueness into his narrative. There are times when Mary actually listens to him in silence for ten full minutes.

"The prize?" returned Jack. "There are twenty of them—one for each of the nineteen rooms, and one grand prize for the house as a whole."

"I'm going to one of the clerks and make him figure it out for me," ejaculated Mary. "Or isn't that fair?"

"Oh, they've probably guarded against that," answered Jack. "Here is the literature that tells all about it."

"I'm through with prize contests," said Mary, spurning the literature. "You know little Stella Brown? She sent an answer to a Boston magazine that offered a trip to Europe to those successfully solving an acrostic. Of course, they had to subscribe first. She sent in two dollars for her subscription and the answer to the acrostic that was dreadfully easy."

"I haven't heard of her going to Europe," chuckled Jack.

"No," said Mary. "Then they wrote back that she had been successful, but must first send five dollars as a registration fee to insure her identity, or some nonsense like that."

"Did she send the five?" asked Jack.

"She did," responded Mary, "and that was six months ago and she's still writing to the Boston address and trying to find out why they don't send her the transportation."

"I thought you wanted to talk over the furniture for the bedroom," said Jack.

"So I do," she responded, with a quizzical glance, "but you will keep getting off the subject."

Just then the bell rang, and presently the maid brought in a card. "Why, it's Cousin Tom!" cried Mary, dropping her napkin on the

floor for Jack to pick up, and sliding back the folding doors into the library.

"And Harriet, too," she added, kissing the latter with enthusiasm, and taking Tom's big hand in both her own tiny ones. "You're just in time for a cup of tea, and some of the most delicious little cakes that ever came from Mary Elizabeth's. Hurry, Hilda. Be sure to put out the lace doylies."

Hilda hurried. Mary's maids always did hurry after they had been with her a while. But she hurried with great good nature, and was evidently completely under the spell of Mary's charming personality.

"I wish I could get maids like that," said Harriet, after they had adjoined to the dining-room. "Why, she did this beautifully and in no time at all."

"Do you remember her six months ago?" asked Mary.

"You don't mean to say this is the girl that broke those Sèvres cups, and went out of the room without picking up the pieces?"

"The very same," answered Mary. "She was frightened nearly to death. She knew that those cups were part of a set that came from grandmother Allen, and I had given her full

and free permission to break anything else in the apartment if she would only spare them."

"How did you ever come to keep her?" asked Harriet.

"I followed her into the kitchen and then to her own room. She was going to leave right away. She knew she was too awkward to learn how, and she was going to get a position in a laundry or a factory or some place where there was nothing to break. It took me half an hour to get her confidence again, and make her feel that I was her friend even if she had broken my Sèvres cups."

"She is surely a jewel now," commented Harriet. "But I should never have the patience."

Tom looked annoyed. He loved Harriet, but was conscious of some of her imperfections. Harriet is kindness itself. She is generous to servants, more generous than Mary as far as money and clothes are concerned. But she does not get close to them. She keeps her distance and her dignity, and in consequence there is no *esprit de corps* in her household.

"We've been buying bedroom furniture," said Tom, turning toward Mary, who sat at his left with Harriet facing her. "Spent the whole afternoon at Sheffield's. Mary, these cakes are



certainly fine. Did you make them yourself?"

"No," said Mary. "They were made by a young girl named Mary Elizabeth, who came from up the state and started a shop where she sells homemade candy and cakes, and has more than she can do, and has initiated her whole family into the business, and now she and her sister are well off and don't have to work, but are so interested they won't stop."

"I've heard of her," said Harriet languidly, "but I always get our special fancy things at Grouillard's. He has all the best trade nowadays. But I think I'll try her if you will give me her address."

"Here's one of her little folders," said Mary, returning from the next room. "It's right on Fifth Avenue. Did you buy brass beds or wooden beds?" inquired Mary. "We bought the loveliest pair of twin beds, white enameled, with square tubing and brass mounts. That's what the man called them."

"We started out to buy two mahogany beds," said Harriet, "but ended up by buying two brass ones."

"Square or round tubing?" asked Mary.

"Round," answered Harriet, "but very good style and with no dingle-dangles to work loose

and fall off. The clerk said they were of the best and heaviest tubing made, and finished in the English fashion. They guarantee the finish for five years. I hope the guarantee is good. It ought to be; we paid \$35 apiece for the bedsteads."

Mary thought of her own dainty white ones at \$20, but did not reply.

"We've got the loveliest wall paper on our room," interrupted Mary. "All Japanesey, just like the big tree in front of your house. Every time I look at it I feel like a Japanese geisha, and want to do a Japanese turkey trot."

Harriet laughed. "We have a striped paper," she remarked. "Colonial in type. We've tried to keep the whole inside of the house Colonial as far as we conveniently could, with mahogany furniture and rush seats and Colonial mirrors and old fashioned andirons, etc."

"There's one thing about both houses," said Jack; "they're both splendidly supplied with fireplaces."

"Yes," agreed Tom. "There's nothing like a fireplace for comfort and cheer. Steam heat we must have to thoroughly warm the whole of a room. The man who tries to heat a room with a fireplace is sure to fail. No matter how

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Owner's Bedroom of Jack's House.

learnedly the mantel and fireplace dealer may tell about reflecting the heat to the farthest corner of the room, there isn't a fireplace made that will do it. All the fireplace is good for is to look cozy, and poke at, and warm those sitting around it."

"Right you are," said Jack. "I nearly froze to death in a London lodging-house when I was over there three years ago. No steam heat, no furnace, just one small grate at the end of a room 15 by 30 or thereabouts. Water would freeze at one end of the room while it was boiling at the other."

Harriet laughed. She and Jack had been good friends for years, although she sometimes suspected him of making fun of her.

"I am very glad," said Harriet, "that Mr. Stone, from whom we bought our house, is in the construction business. That's how we happen to have such splendid mantels."

"And also walls impervious to weather and wet," added Tom. "They tell me the walls of our house, if built by an ordinary individual, would have made the house cost twice as much as it did."

"I don't doubt it," assented Jack. "Double hollow tile construction is expensive. Mr.

Stone told me that when he was building, his firm happened to have on hand bargain lots of many of the materials—good in quality, but odds and ends from big buildings—and he took over what he wanted for a song.”

“And now after building the house and telling everybody he loved it as the apple of his eye, he’s gone back to town,” interrupted Mary.

“He told me he couldn’t stand the commuting,” said Tom. “His business is very confining and frequently keeps him two or three nights a week.”

“I wouldn’t have a husband with a business like that,” said Mary indignantly. “If my husband stayed away from me two or three nights a week, I’d begin looking around for amusement myself.”

“Why, Mary,” said Harriet, who was a bit piqued, for Tom was by no means as devoted to her as Jack to Mary. “I thought you adored the ground Jack walks on.”

“I do,” said Mary. “But he can’t walk on me. And do you know, we got the loveliest hand-painted Japanese screen—one of the tall folding ones. It matches the wall paper beautifully.”

“I must say, Jack,” said Tom, weighing his



Owner's Bedroom in Cousin Tom's House.

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words carefully, "that I rather envy you your bedroom—I mean the shape of it; and the dressing-room for Mary, and above all that special closet devoted to your wardrobe, with shelves and drawers for twice as many clothes as you'll ever own."

Mary interrupted. "Don't be too sure of that, Cousin Tom. Jack is naturally a good deal of a dandy, and I like to have him always looking his best."

Harriet spoke up. "I think the wardrobe in Mary's dressing-room is the most wonderful thing I ever saw. It must hold a hundred dresses."

"It would, I think, if I should ever have a hundred," said Mary, "and without crushing a single one. If ever lady had cause to bless her architect, I have. But I don't like the way he has the lights."

"Why not?" asked Tom.

"Because," said Mary, "there's no way to light my dressing-room table. If I put it against the north wall, the only light it has is from the bracket above on the left, for the outlet on the right is too close to the wardrobe. And I don't like it between the windows under the silk shade."

"Then I'm afraid," said Jack, "that you'll have to do your hair dressing and primping in the bathroom. The light is perfect there."

"I shall," said Mary.

Jack sighed. He could see himself waiting while Mary preëmpted the spot where he had planned to shave in luxury with mirrors on three sides and light from two. He decided to purchase one of the little adhesive mirrors—those mounted on a rubber cap that with open mouth clings by suction to the window glass. He knew he could bribe Mary to let him have hot water, or at the worst he could get it from the guest's bathroom, or have it brought up from downstairs.

"Never mind, Jackie," said Mary, "the next house we build you shall have a big bathroom all your own."

Harriet smiled. "You spoil him dreadfully. Men can't stand too much petting. It makes them conceited."

Mary did not retort. She disagreed with Harriet so fundamentally that she knew she could never make her understand. But she also knew that Tom understood. The pity of it! I mean the pity of seeing women lose their husbands because they are afraid of not seem-



Mary's Dressing Room.

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ing self-assertive enough. It is the place of women to guide and control in affairs of the heart, but they can't do it by any tit-for-tat methods.

Tom remarked: "The balcony that opens out from your bedroom is a wonder. It is like being on the top of some ancient castle with all the world below. Only, of course, I like the sea-shore better."

"You always were fond of the water, Tom," said Jack. "Do you still own the *Aloha*?"

"No," said Tom, "I sold the *Aloha*, and am going to have a motor boat instead—one with a cabin that will stand a little weather. I used to enjoy sailing in spite of, even because of, the uncertainty of it, but now when I start anywhere I want to get there, and quickly."

"We've got the loveliest couch for our bedroom," said Mary, "to go across the foot of the bed. A great big couch with a cretonne cover to match the easy chair, and the softest down pillows you ever felt."

"Tom, we simply must be going," interrupted Harriet. "We have to dress for dinner, and its after six already."

"We must see you again soon," said Mary, as they all stood in the hall. "Jack wants to

ask Tom a lot of questions about Oriental rugs."

"Well, I'm no expert," said Tom, "but I do like them and anything I know is at Jack's service. Goodbye."

As the door closed behind them, Mary turned to Jack and said: "The pity of it."

## CHAPTER V

## UNCLE HENRY'S DRAWING-ROOM

“**W**HY, they’ve got the carpets on the wall,” said Mary the moment they were seated. They, meaning Jack and Mary and Tom and Harriet, had just returned from an afternoon reception at Uncle Henry’s house not far from New Rochelle, and were dining informally at the luxurious new Knickerbocker Hotel, on Tom’s invitation.

Jack looked amused and Tom perplexed, while Harriet, who had not noticed the mischievous expression on Mary’s face, said, with an air of conscious superiority: “Why, Mary, those are not carpets, they’re tapestries. What do you mean?”

“Oh,” answered Mary, “I was just thinking of a story Jack and I heard the other day. It was about John R. McLean, of Cincinnati, who has a magnificent residence in Washington, with especially fine tapestries on the walls of the dining-room, and the floor tiled in marble. It appears that an Ohio politician from the

rural districts, who was visiting the National Capital, was invited to dinner one evening by Mr. McLean. The dinner was rich, the wines rare, and the service exquisite. But all through the dinner the rural politician looked glum as if preyed upon by some secret sorrow. When he reached home he told why. "I've always thought that John R. McLean was a wise old guy," said he, "but it's a mistake. He's as crazy as a loon. He took me in to dinner in a room where there was absolutely nothing on the floor, and all the carpets were hanging on the walls."

Tom laughed uproariously and even Harriet joined in the mirth. "I'll wager," said Tom, "that a good many people come here who feel the same way. But these are really splendid tapestries. If I were not so rusty on my Latin, I'd try to read the inscriptions and tell you what they are all about."

"I see Cæsar's name on the cartouche of that one," remarked Jack, indicating by his glance which he meant.

"Enough of tapestries," interrupted Tom, who was a bit of a gourmet, and had ordered well but not lavishly. "The oyster cocktails are here."

"Uncle Henry has some fine tapestries," said



Mary, with a smiling glance of defiance at Tom.

"Yes," commented Harriet, but as they're not in the drawing-room, we can't talk about them to-night."

"Yes, we must stick to the subject," assented Mary. "But somehow when anything funny comes into my head, it will out of my mouth before I know it."

"And right glad of it we all are," remarked Tom, glass in hand. "Here's to the most interesting talker I have ever known."

Mary flushed prettily and Harriet drank the toast bravely, but not without a suspicion of hesitation.

"Uncle Henry's drawing-room makes me envious. It is so exquisite and yet so simple and so delicate in color. It suggests Greece and the Parthenon and Pompeii and the Boscoreale frescoes at the Metropolitan Museum. I wish we had been able to afford a house grand enough to have a drawing-room."

"Never mind, dear," said Jack. "Our next house shall have one." And he looked more than he said.

"The room illustrates the value of the services of the professional decorator," remarked

Tom. "He understands how to avoid overcrowding; at least the one did who made this room for Uncle Henry."

"I think it's too bare," said Harriet. "There is nothing cozy or homelike about it. And the colors are so light they must soil very easily. No maid I've ever had would keep the furniture properly polished, and the walls free from dust."

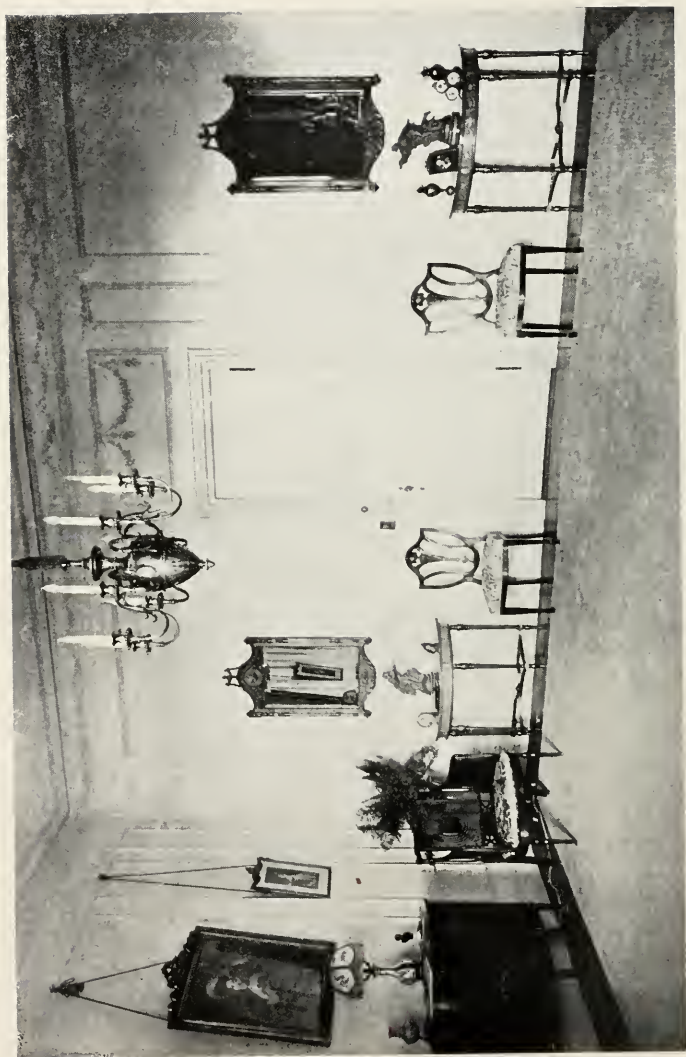
"Well, it isn't a living-room, you know," said Tom.

"Uncle Henry said it was in the Adam style," recounted Mary, "and that the furniture was Hepplewhite."

"Who was Adam?" asked Harriet.

"First among architects," responded Tom, "just as the original Adam was first among men. His name was Robert Adam, and he was a Scotchman with three brothers who came to London in the last half of the eighteenth century, winning fame and fortune there. He studied in Italy, made a book about Diocletian's palace at Spalatro, and another huge book entitled 'The Architectural Works of Robert and James Adam.' I've been reading up, you see," added Tom, with a sidelong glance at Mary, who was so busy with a turkey wing





Uncle Henry's Drawing Room.

that she appeared not to have heard what he said. "And then I met Uncle Henry's decorator, who certainly knows his business."

"Did the decorator do the whole house?" inquired Mary, looking up abruptly.

"Yes," answered Tom, "he took it with bare walls and turned it over to Uncle Henry ready to live in, for a lump sum. Uncle Henry didn't have to do any figuring at all. The decorator studied the house, talked with Uncle Henry and Aunt Emeline in order to study them, and submitted plans and estimates that amounted to more than Uncle Henry was willing to pay. So they cut down here and cut out there, and finally reached an agreement."

"I think I would rather do the choosing and selecting myself," said Harriet with firmness. "I don't want any decorator to do it for me. I want my house to reflect my personality. I don't see any point in furnishing a house in a manner that may please me in five or ten years. I want a home that I like now."

"It didn't take Uncle Henry long to learn to like his new house," said Jack reflectively, having made good use of the time during which others were monopolizing the conversation. "He swears that his library is the most com-

fortable in America. And in spite of his great weight, he doesn't seem afraid of the Hepplewhite furniture in the drawing-room."

"Perhaps not," said Harriet, "but he always sits on the large sofa, so Aunt Emeline says, and never by any chance trusts himself to the small sofa or the chairs."

"That's right," commented Mary; "the large seats for the large persons and the small seats for the small ones. Don't you think Uncle Henry's drawing-room is a perfect background for Aunt Emeline?"

"It undoubtedly is," agreed Harriet, with some reluctance. "She looks better there than in any other room in the house."

"Her lines," commented Jack, "are like those of the Hepplewhite furniture, slender and graceful, and the delicacy of her complexion is beautifully accentuated by the rose damask draperies and furniture coverings."

"It was Aunt Emeline who chose the Adam style for the drawing-room," explained Jack. "The decorator at first suggested Louis XVI, but Aunt Emeline wanted more of a Colonial look about it; so they compromised on Adam."

"Did Aunt Emeline know beforehand how the room was going to look?" asked Harriet,

who with an air of disapproval was watching a lady on the other side of the hotel dining-room, who had ventured to light a cigarette and was puffing it with evident enjoyment.

"Exactly," answered Jack, who was particularly close to Aunt Emeline, and whose progress in business has been quickened by Uncle Henry under her influence. "The decorator submitted color sketches that told the whole story, and even had the portrait of Aunt Emeline suggested above the mantel."

"That's not Aunt Emeline's portrait hanging there now," remarked Mary, "although it is very beautiful."

"No," explained Jack, "it's a copy of the portrait of an eighteenth century court beauty, and beautifully framed and exquisitely hung with tasseled cord of rose silk."

"I think the walls of Uncle Henry's drawing-room are simply exquisite," said Mary. "The way they are divided into panels by moldings is charming, and when I look at the lovely festoons of roses and ribbons, it fairly takes my breath away, and makes me feel as if I were one of Marie Antoinette's ladies-in-waiting, masquerading in shepherdess costume at the Petit Trianon."

"How beautifully you pronounce French!" commented Harriet.

"Only songs and phrases that I know," smiled Mary. "While I can follow a French conversation, I find it very difficult to take part in one. But I am determined to learn."

"But why Marie Antoinette in an Adam room?" asked Harriet. "I thought Marie Antoinette was the same as Louis XVI."

"It is," explained Tom, still fresh from his conversation with the decorator. "But so is Adam. At least Adam is the English counterpart of Louis XVI, and borrowed a great deal from the French style. The most characteristically Adam features of the room, the decorator told me, are the mirrors and console tables and commode, the draperies and the furniture coverings, and the Hepplewhite chairs. The chandelier is pure Louis XVI, but might easily have been used by Adam himself. Did you notice the four Wedgwood medallions that heighten the beauty of the exquisite bronze work?"

"Yes," replied Mary, "but I thought Wedgwood was an Englishman."

"He was," explained Tom, "but his cameos copied from and modeled in the style of the





Another View of Uncle Henry's Drawing Room.

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ancient Roman ones, were quite as popular in France as in England. Indeed, I understand that it was in France that they conceived the idea of mounting them on drapery bands and valances."

"I don't approve of the combination," remarked Harriet. "I think if draperies are to be ornamented at all, it should be with embroidery or appliqué, not with pottery."

There was a silence of some moments. The waiter was clearing the table for cheese and coffee, but first he brought Mary, who was fond of ices of all kinds, a *café parfait*. "Isn't it beautiful?" asked Mary, smiling benignly. "You'd better change your mind and have some, Harriet."

"No, indeed," responded Harriet graciously, but in a tone that showed her to be as immutable on the subject as the laws of the Medes and Persians, "my dentist does not approve of ice-cream. He says it cracks the enamel."

"Goethe's mother wouldn't let him eat ice-cream, either," commented Mary, who had been taking an afternoon study course on the life and writings of the great German poet.

"No," added Jack, "she was sure it was dangerous to the health; because she hadn't

eaten it as a child, she forbade it to her children."

"To return to the decoration of Uncle Henry's drawing-room," continued Harriet, at length, "I consider the mirrors the best things in it."

"Harriet," explained Tom, "is particularly fond of mirrors. Not that I blame her," he added, with a glance of admiration in her direction, for Harriet certainly is a beautiful woman, and while it taxes Tom's income to keep her clothed in the manner she insists on, the result is one that makes other men envious of Tom.

"The famous architect, Stanford White, was also very fond of mirrors," said Jack. "Mary and I went to the sale, and in every room of the house there were two or three mirrors, and in some five or six."

"His reasons," said Tom, "were purely decorative. He knew how to make a large room look small and a small room large, and to change the shape at will."

"He was a most remarkable man," assented Jack, "and had a decorative ability so developed by experience that it seemed almost intuitive. He would take a long, narrow, dark

hall and transform it into the most cheerful of passageways."

"How?" asked Mary.

"Why, by finishing the walls in a light tone, with mirrors high up at each end, and electric bulbs enclosed in bags of crystal beads and placed low, to give artificial illumination. Then, of course, he made the walls seem lower by cutting them with horizontal lines, a picture molding at the bottom of the frieze, another at the top of the wainscoting, or where the wainscoting would be if there were one."

"I thought wainscoting was always of wood," said Harriet.

"It was originally," explained Tom. "The wain part of it means wagon, and the whole word once indicated a certain kind of oak good enough to be used for the cabinet work of a wagon. Then when they began to make the lower part of walls of it, the name went with the material. But nowadays a wainscoting may be of tiles or brick or plaster, or even paper."

"Some of the wainscotings of pressed paper, in imitation of paneled oak, are very effective for the price," remarked Jack, taking the cigar that Tom handed him.

"For the price, yes," responded Tom, "but only if you disregard the question of time. In the long run the wooden wainscoting and the real tiling are the best investments. They not only are real, they look real, and they improve with age instead of deteriorating."

"Some of the substitutes do, too," commented Jack.

"Naturally enough most of them don't," retorted Tom. "They are made as cheaply as possible to satisfy the demand of purchasers who don't know what they are buying."

"Which is the trouble with a great deal of the furniture made in this country," agreed Jack. "We bought three bureaus for the camp last year that are already falling to pieces. The drawer-pulls are gone, and we hadn't had them a month before the casters began to break off."

"If there is anything that annoys me," said Mary, "it is a bureau with three casters. I can stand one with two casters, or even with only one, but a three-castered bureau is my particular abomination."

"She's thinking of a particular bureau," explained Jack, "the one at the camp devoted to her use. She used to prop the lame leg with a

small block of wood that was always getting out of place."

"None of the primitive life for me," remarked Tom. "I had enough of it when I was a boy."

"Well, there's nothing primitive about Uncle Henry's drawing-room," interrupted Mary, "and nothing cheap, either."

"No," said Tom, "but everything in it is good and made to last. That furniture will be worth more fifty years from now than it is to-day."

"Surely," asserted Mary, "and all the damask coverings will be frayed down to show the warp—or is it the weft I mean?" she hesitated, looking at Jack.

"Both, dear," responded Jack. "In a tapestry the warps are entirely covered by the wefts, but in a damask some of the surfaces are warp satin and some weft satin, at least they were in most of the old damasks, although many of them now have taffeta figures on a warp satin ground, so that the surface is always of warp threads and wearing down would end by exposing the wefts."

"That's too much for me," gasped Mary. "You'll have to illustrate with the actual fab-

rics. Perhaps at the Metropolitan Museum with the Hoentschel Collection."

"I seem to have heard of the Hoentschel Collection," remarked Harriet. "Is it statutory?"

"No," said Mary, "it's a marvelous collection of old French furniture, tapestries, and woodwork, the Gothic part of which is lent to the Museum by Mr. Morgan, the later part given. There you can see for yourself the difference between Louis XIV and XV and XVI, and know that you are not being led astray by some remote American imitation."

"Tom and I went to the Museum one Sunday last winter," said Harriet, "but all we saw were paintings."

"You forget the tapestries," murmured Tom.

"Oh, they don't interest me," said Harriet. "They're all out of drawing."

Tom looked disgusted. Harriet had a way of repeating the opinions of others as her own that exasperated him. She was bright enough, he thought, to see with her own eyes instead of through the eyes of others. He looked at Mary. "I wish you'd take Harriet some afternoon to visit the decorative arts wing of the Museum," he entreated.



"I will," Mary responded, "if you and Jack will join us there not later than four. Harriet will lunch with me downtown and then we'll take the Fifth Avenue stage to the Museum. Will you?" she added, turning to Harriet as they rose to leave the dining-room, the cigars and coffee having been finished, and the waiter tipped more than he deserved and less than he wanted.

"I shall be charmed," answered Harriet, "provided you will tell me how Aunt Emeline ever keeps that rug clean. It is just one solid color that must show the slightest bit of dust or dirt, and even the impression of the foot."

"I'll try," said Mary, after they were out in the lobby of the hotel, "when we meet next Tuesday at luncheon. Good night, Harriet; good night, Tom." And both couples were soon on their separate ways home.

## CHAPTER VI

## THE HALL

THE hall in Jack's house, though small—only as long as the living-room is wide (17 feet), and only 5 feet wide outside of the stairway—is splendidly lighted from half-glass doors at each end and from the living-room that opens into it. The view from the living-room is beneath the almost flat arch that frames the wide doorway, and directly toward the enclosed stairway, which is entered from the right, while on the left is the door opening into the dining-room.

The day I visited the house, Mary had the hardness of the solid stairway wall broken by large leafy branches, yellowed and browned by autumn, that rose from a round umbrella-stand of clay with rough gray-green mat. Mary's feeling was right. The house needs Nature's adornments, and was evidently planned to need them, just as the surrounding hills need verdure and foliage and giants of the forest.

About Jack's house there is not the slightest

suggestion of the city. There are no French boudoirs or stately parlors. There are none of the trifling pieces of novelty furniture that crowd the tiny rooms of many New York apartment buildings. Everything in Jack's house is solid and substantial, especially in the downstairs rooms. Instead of buying a great many pieces of cheap or moderate-priced furniture, he purchased or rather invested in furniture of such size and dignity and quality that it will never lose its usefulness or its charm.

"But I must economize on rugs," said Jack, who with Tom and Mary was visiting the ware-rooms of a dealer in Oriental rugs. "My architect told me to get a Gorevan in rich colors for the living-room and a Bokhara for the dining-room, but he said it was unnecessary to get them room-size or anything like it. In the living-room one large rug, with a small narrow one between the window seat and the couch, would be enough, he said; in the dining-room a small Belouche mat before the hall door, and a large rug under the table, large enough to carry the chairs on all sides."

"I'd rather economize on anything else than rugs," said Tom. "To me they furnish a house as nothing else does. With plenty of Oriental

rugs on the floor, the house cannot look cold or bare."

"We know how you feel about them," said Mary, smiling. "They are your hobby, and I sometimes think you ride them into the ground, or rather into the floor. How many of them are you going to have in your house?"

"Well," responded Tom, "I have thirty so far, with one or two more to come. I've got four for the front hall."

"Four for the front hall!" exclaimed Mary. "Are you laying them on top of one another?"

"Oh, they're not large ones," smiled Tom. "There's one Serebend to go across the hall, and one to run beside the stairway, and a small door mat and a narrow strip for the corner of the hall."

"How much did they cost?" asked Jack.

"The one across the hall," answered Tom, "retails at about \$80; the one beside the stairway at \$120; the mat for \$8; the strip for \$40. And in the upper hall I have the most superb Fereghan runner 18 feet long, besides a small rug for the landing, and another small one at the end of the hall."

"How much did the runner cost?" asked Jack.

"Oh, about \$200," responded Tom. "It's a particularly fine piece; and \$40 for the other two."

"Why, that makes \$490 just for the rugs in the halls," said Jack, who had his lead pencil out and was figuring on the back of an envelope. "I should think you would feel 'rug poor,' just as some people are described as 'land poor.'"

"I don't," responded Tom, "but Harriet does. I don't dare talk to her about Oriental rugs any more. If she had her way, I think they'd all be transformed into silk gowns and lace petticoats."

"We are concentrating our efforts on the living-room and the dining-room," interrupted Mary, for she was loyal to Harriet absent, though sometimes impatient with her present. "Upstairs nothing but rag carpets, and in small sizes at that, because three small ones go farther in covering the floor than one large one costing the same. The three rugs for our upper hall only cost \$2.50 apiece."

"And the five for our guest-room only \$7.50 altogether," added Jack. "Rag carpet rugs certainly are inexpensive."

"And they are so easy to take up for clean-

ing," said Mary, "while it takes two men to handle a large Oriental."

"I feel the way about rugs that you do about your dining-room furniture," said Tom, somewhat dubious as to the idea of friends of his wanting rag carpets, except in the servants' quarters. "You are locking up your money in your hobby and I in mine. It's all a question of taste. How was it the old Romans used to say it? *De gustibus non est disputandum.*"

Mary regarded him admiringly. She had profound respect for any one who was well-equipped with languages, and whenever she overheard a conversation in French, could never help listening with a rapt expression on her face. In restaurants she always regarded the waiter who spoke French with special favor, and saw to it that he received an extra large tip.

Just at this moment the head salesman in the rug shop, who knew Tom of long acquaintance, having finished with other customers, came up and was presented to Jack and Mary. He welcomed them effusively.

"What a lot of rugs you have," said Mary, regarding the hills and mountains of them that



Hall of Tom's House.

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crowded the huge showroom. "We want a Bokhara for our dining-room."

"How large do you want it?" inquired the salesman.

"About 10 by 12," responded Jack.

"Come this way," and the salesman led them to a pile containing twenty or thirty rugs of the Bokhara type, ranging in size from 6 x 9 to 12 x 14.

He summoned the dusky Orientals, pointed to the pile, and snapped his fingers. With a deftness derived from years of rug handling, they lifted off the rug on the top of the pile and spread it out on the floor. Another snap of the fingers, as the salesman said:

"That's an Afghan of inferior quality. It wouldn't do for you at all."

"It's the blackest thing I ever saw," said Mary. "I didn't know any Orientals were ever so dark."

"Few of them are," remarked Tom, who always liked to be heard when the subject of rugs came up. "The Afghans have more dark browns and brown blacks than any others woven."

"Do they come from Afghanistan?" asked Mary.

"No," said Tom, "they are called Afghans because made by Afghan tribes who roam through part of Central Asia between the khanate of Bokhara and the country of Afghanistan, perhaps crossing the border occasionally. But the rugs are marketed via Bokhara and the Transcaspian Railway, and are commonly called Khiva Bokharas."

"Then Bokhara must be in Russia," said Mary, who knew that the Transcaspian Railway was a Russian enterprise.

"It is," replied Tom. "The country east of the Caspian Sea for 3,000 miles is Russian Central Asia, and the railway has opened it up to travelers and to commerce. The rugs that once were packed on the backs of camels now are shipped in freight-cars like coal and potatoes."

"The caravans were much more romantic," said Mary, who saw before her eyes a winding procession of splay-footed dromedaries, swinging rhythmically from side to side, while mounted horsemen, armed to the teeth, led the van and brought up the rear, to protect the party from brigands.

"But also more expensive," said Tom. "The cost of shipping from Bokhara to Constantino-

ple is only a fraction of what it once was. Now they cross the Caspian in a large steamboat, instead of by camel overland through Northern Persia. On the western side of the Caspian, at Baku, they are transferred to the Transcaucasian Railway, and at Batum to steamboat again for Constantinople."

"You certainly are up on geography," remarked Jack, who had been listening intently. "I believe you know more about Oriental countries than I do about America."

"Certainly more than I myself know about America. From the time I first began to study Oriental rugs I have been learning Oriental geography. Every new rug I see is a lesson in topography."

"What's that?" said Mary.

Jack laughed as Tom responded, "The science of location."

"I'm just as badly off as before," said Mary, rather tartly. "Why don't you say plain geography and be done with it? Now there is something like a rug," she added, turning the attention of all back to the business in hand. "It has style and character and good color. How much is it?" she asked the dealer.

"Two hundred dollars," he answered, "and

a remarkably good specimen for the price. It really should be \$50 higher."

"Do you like it, Tom?" asked Mary.

"Yes, for your dining-room it is just the thing, but personally I prefer fine Persians."

"Do you like it, Jack?"

Jack nodded assent.

"Then we'll take it," said Mary to the dealer. "Now for the Gorevan that Mr. Joannes told us to get for the living-room. What is a Gorevan?"

"A Gorevan," said Tom, "is a rug woven in the Herez district in Northern Persia. The very finest rugs woven there are called Serapis. They are just like the Gorevans, only of finer weave with more detail in the pattern. Gorevans, usually have a large medallion centre and a wide border, and are large figured, with strapwork effects prominent."

"Are all the colors as good as this?" asked Mary, pointing to one that had just been unfolded before them.

"Not always," said Tom, "but usually. Occasionally the reds are a little bright, but, as a rule, both the reds and the blues are inclined toward and are mingled with terra cottas and gray-greens, especially in the fine Serapis."

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Hall of Senator Parker's House.

"I don't care for the pattern of this one," said Mary. "The medallion is so strong that it seems to rise up off the floor, and throw it out of level."

"It is rather strong," commented the dealer, "but a great many people want them that way. How will this do?" he inquired when the roustabouts had unfolded another.

"Too much blue in it for me," said Jack.

"Next," said Mary.

They ran through five or six more and finally came to the one that is now in Jack's dining-room. The size is 12 x 16 and the price was \$250.

"Talking about halls," remarked Tom, while Mary was selecting three small rugs for the lower hall, from a pile of rich and silky Kazaks, "Harriet and I were down to a weekend at Senator Parker's new residence near Atlantic City. His front hall is as large as my whole house and cost to decorate and furnish, I am told, over \$5,000.

"Jack, why don't you help me pick out these rugs, instead of gossiping with Tom? And you must help me too, Tom," interrupted Mary.

Tom answered apologetically, "I was just

telling Jack about our visit to Senator Parker's magnificent home."

"I'm not a bit jealous of the luxury the Parkers live in," said Mary. "They enjoy each other so little that it would be a pity if they didn't have at least the material comforts."

"It certainly would," responded Tom. "I thought you went to school with Elizabeth Parker, Mary."

"I did," said Mary, "but then she was a demure creature with a passion for quoting Browning. There was nothing gay about her at that time. She waited for that till after her marriage."

"She presides with great dignity over the Senator's dinner-table, and rules him with a firm hand, as if she were twice his age instead of half," remarked Tom.

"It was at an afternoon musical," said Mary, "that I first saw the villa—that is what they call it. The doors were open wide into the living-room and the dining-room. There were crowds of richly gowned women and frock-coated men, and the grandeur of the Italian Renaissance background set them off superbly."

"Rather big words those," commented Jack, nodding his approval of a rug to which Mary



had pointed favorably. "Your study of interior decoration has certainly broadened your vocabulary."

"And also increased my knowledge of rugs," retorted Mary. "The main types are Persian and Turkish and Caucasian and Central Asian and Chinese," she rattled on.

"And Indian," added Tom "although I don't care much for them."

"Also," said Mary, "I know that Kazaks come from the Caucasus, and are woven by Cossack nomads, which is why they are called Kazaks."

"The beauty of Kazaks," said Tom, "is their soft texture. The weave is so open that the long pile bends down and makes a surface resilient as eiderdown."

"I like them," said Mary, "because the colors are rich, and they are so woolly."

"Yes," said Tom, "warp and woof as well as pile are of wool, and it is the four or more woof threads between rows of knots that holds the knots apart and produces the looseness of texture."

"Why couldn't we have a Kazak for the dining-room?" queried Mary.

"Because they only come in small sizes,

nearly square, and seldom over 5 x 8," explained the dealer.

"Well, they ought to come in all sizes," commented Mary. "I don't want to make our home an Oriental geography. I'd like the same kind of rug in every room."

"I have," said Tom, "or nearly so. 'Almost all of my rugs are Kermans, and all of them are Persians."

"Fortunately," said Mary, "we have rag carpets upstairs and it is not necessary to have a reference library to understand them."

"What lighting fixture did you and Harriet finally select for your hall?" asked Mary of Tom, as they were preparing to leave the rug shop.

"The one with Colonial prisms that sets close to the ceiling," answered Tom. "It cost only \$40 finished in dull brass, and gives character to the whole entrance. The two small hanging fixtures with ground-and-art glass shade, in the upper hall, cost \$12 each."

"We used the same small fixtures close to the ceiling in both our halls," said Jack, "upstairs and downstairs—four of them at \$10 apiece. But why didn't you have your upstairs fixtures close to the ceiling?"



Cousin Kate's Dining-Room.

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"Because we had read," answered Tom, "and I had also found out by experimenting for myself, that the way to make a narrow hall look as wide as possible is to leave the ceiling dim or dark and make the side walls bright. So we chose a fixture that hangs down and sends most of its light to the side walls at from four to seven feet high."

"Our upper hall, the main part, is not very well lighted," said Mary, "and the light there seems curiously far away."

"I think," remarked Jack, "there should have been two ceiling outlets instead of one. The hall is too long to be illuminated by only one light, even a tungsten."

And Jack was right. While a 40-watt tungsten would have given light enough to illuminate the hall, it would not have illuminated it thoroughly, because too far from the ends of it. Placed in the middle, it enlarged the middle of the hall and contracted the ends. Two ceiling lights, pendant about 18 inches and each about three feet from its doorway, would have lighted the hall without distortion, and would have supplied brightness where it is needed, at the thresholds.

## CHAPTER VII

## AT COUSIN KATE'S

**A**T last Jack and Mary reached Breezy Meadows. They had heard enthusiastic accounts of Cousin Kate's success in "adopting an abandoned farm" and making an old farmhouse habitable, and they expected to get ideas that might help with their own home.

"Happy is the house that shelters a friend," read Mary aloud, looking at the motto over the doorway leading from the dining-room into the sitting-room of Cousin Kate's farmhouse. "That's what I call real hospitality," she said, turning to Cousin Kate, "printed words of welcome to emphasize the warmth of the spoken ones. I told Jack, when we got your unique letter asking us here, that he would find your home quite as original and interesting as yourself."

"Indeed, it is," chimed in Jack. "We had no sooner left the train than the station agent and postmaster and expressman—"

"Why, Jack!" interrupted Mary, "I only saw one man."

"That was he," admitted Jack, "a very Pooh-Bah of dignities. I shouldn't be surprised if he was also the village constable and barber."

"Nonsense," remarked Cousin Kate. "But he does send paragraphs to the Hilford Gazette, and so waylays all my visitors in order to find out who they are, and where they come from."

"He said," continued Jack, "that you have more company than all the other residents of Russville put together, and that you have spent a powerful lot of money on your farm without getting much out of it, and he guessed you'd had plenty of chances to get married, but just couldn't stand any one bossing you, and—"

"And you have a couple of Japs to do the housework because you don't like women help," interrupted Mary, "and Maurice Connolly has been making his living off you for ten years."

"Mr. Connolly!" commented Cousin Kate, "is my foreman and general manager, and without him I don't know what I should have done. He fights for me and bargains for me just as he would for himself. Before I found him, it was almost impossible to get any work

out of the men that I hired. My first overseer—but that is another story. How do you like Breezy Meadows, I mean as you drive up?”

“That’s just what it looks like,” said Jack. “Meadows that are breezy, and a house of the kind that grandfather used to build, with hewn oak rafters six inches thick—”

“The house was built in 1801, the main part of it, I mean, not the later additions,” explained Cousin Kate, “and forty huge pumpkin pies and two barrels of hard cider inspired the neighbors who attended the house-raising.”

“That’s a fine old fireplace,” said Jack, and added, as he examined the ancient gun, and powder horn that hung above it, “I see that you keep your tramp medicine ready.”

“It is a fine old fireplace,” responded Cousin Kate, not deigning to notice the attempted witicism, “and the ones in the sitting-room and the library almost equal it, but it cost me \$200 to save the chimney.”

“How’s that?” asked Jack, who has a fellow-feeling for any one with fireplace troubles. “Wouldn’t it draw?”

“No trouble about the draft,” answered Cousin Kate. “But not long after I moved in, the chimney began to settle and had to be





Cousin Kate's Wigwam.

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shored up with large piers at the corners, and in between."

"I thought these old chimneys rested on solid stone-and-mortar foundations," said Jack, "and were built to withstand time and eternity."

"They often are," said Cousin Kate, "but this one wasn't. This one rested on a floor of four-inch oak planks that rested on twelve-inch beams, and they rested on the foundation. After a little over a century, the oak beams began to crumble and—"

"What a funny little closet," interrupted Mary, who had been using her eyes during the conversation about chimneys. "May I open it?"

"By all means do," assented Cousin Kate. "That is the 'rum closet,' and the door under it opens into what was formerly the brick oven, where all the family baking was done."

"No wonder they used to take such pains with the chimneys in the old Colonial houses," said Jack. "If the fire didn't draw well there was no warmth, and if the oven didn't heat well, there was no bread and no baked beans."

"Why did they call it the *rum closet*?" asked Mary, having peered curiously into the little brick cell, the door of which was a part of the

ancient wood paneling, and almost concealed in it.

"I'm sure I don't know," responded Cousin Kate. "But that's what Deacon Mason told me, from whom I bought the house. He had lived here for fifty years and ought to know. It was he who made Susanna's Pool."

"Where is that?" asked Mary, with an air of excited interest. "I remember the Bible story about 'Susanna and the Elders' and the tapestry at the Museum in South Kensington, but I never associated it with a New England deacon."

"Nor I," said Cousin Kate, leading the way out to the south porch, "until I saw the little pond that the brook makes down there by the roadside, which Deacon Mason said he dug out for his four daughters to bathe in."

"I suppose the local elders—" began Jack.

"Of course, you have mosquitoes," interrupted Mary, noticing the wire screening that enclosed the porch.

"We do," answered Cousin Kate, "but they can't get at us inside the house, or on the porches, or in the skeeter-cheater."

"In what?" exclaimed Mary.

"The skeeter-cheater," repeated Cousin Kate,

"the pavilion on the other side of the driveway, built around the old elm. It's screened in all around, and cheats the mosquitoes of what they regard as their legitimate prey. Besides it has khaki curtains, that let down when it rains, on the side it rains from. The first summer after it was built I almost lived in it, until I began to have sciatica and the doctor told me I had better dwell indoors again."

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"Isn't she dear?" said Mary to Jack as they drove back to the railway station on Monday morning. "I don't think I ever had a better time, or talked less. I could listen to her forever."

"Yes," agreed Jack, "she is one of the most different persons I have ever met, and makes even a commonplace story throb with excitement."

"The house shows it," continued Mary. "Just think of paying five dollars a roll for the parrot-and-cockatoo wall paper in the hall."

"Fortunately the hall is a tiny one," said Jack. "Cousin Kate told me that it all started with two rolls of ancient paper that she acquired in the course of collecting information for the big book she wrote on the subject."

There was paper enough to do the open part of the hall, but the hanger started in by doing the closets and cupboards, and so ran out of material when only half finished. When she remonstrated with him, he told her it was all right, all she need do was send to a wall paper store for another roll. As a matter of fact it took two years to locate any more, and then she had to pay five dollars a roll and take five rolls instead of the *one* she wanted, in order to secure it from the little Southern shop where it had been accumulating dust for generations."

"If she had used ancient wall paper all through the house, it would have cost her a pretty penny," commented Mary.

"All the other papers are modern," said Jack, "but very well selected, and all Colonial or rather Old American in feeling, except the Japanese one in Cousin Kate's dressing-room. I liked the two-toned yellow stripe in the Sunshine Chamber particularly."

"So did I," said Mary, "and also the box spring on the bed. It was the easiest I ever slept on. I know that Deacon Mason's ancestors would have regarded it as a sinful luxury."

"I think the Sunshine Chamber, despite its simple furnishings, was more attractive than

the Mahogany Chamber," said Jack. "Yet the furniture of the latter is antique and almost priceless, and the room was planned and executed to background the furniture, by one of Boston's smartest decorators."

"That's what's the matter with it," commented Mary. "The furniture is too strongly displayed and contrasts too strongly with the walls and hangings. The room is a *show* room rather than a *sleep* room."

"Most of the furniture in Cousin Kate's house is frankly modern," went on Jack, "though much of it is copied from Colonial or Early Nineteenth Century originals. But somehow even the odd pieces, with a twist toward Mission or Louis XV, fit in very well with the rest of the scheme. And the warming pans and ancient kettles, and leather fire-buckets, and andirons and shovels and tongs, so set the spirit of the place—"

"The quaintest room of all was in the log cabin," interrupted Mary. "The spinning-wheel and dash churn and old cow-bells and ancient dishes and old-fashioned iron spiders and whale-oil lantern took me back to Nantucket, and especially to Siasconset."

"Where the fishermen's cottages may be

older," remarked Jack, "but the furnishings are mostly newer."

"Except the antiques made to sell," corrected Mary. "You remember how many of these we found in one of the shops, and the proprietor told us his principal business was with the natives who bought to sell again when 'foreigners' from the mainland should visit their habitations in search of Colonial treasures."

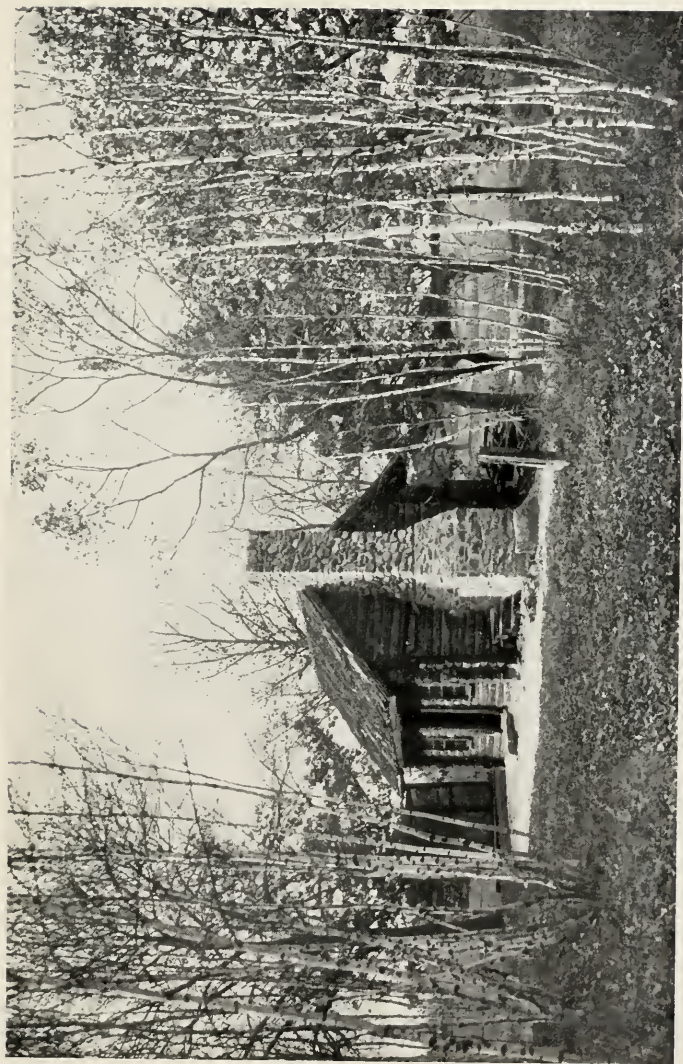
"Well, I like Cousin Kate's log cabin," said Jack, "even if it is modern, and built by Mr. Connolly, out of chestnut logs from Cousin Kate's own woods, with roof of chestnut bark, and chimney of rough stones from her own fields. But what does she use it for, or why did she build it?"

"For much the same reason," replied Mary, "that she built the Indian wigwam, with *Samoset* proudly guarding it on the left, and *Squaw-with-no-feet* on the right. The wigwam is a sort of monument to the Indians who once roamed through Breezy Meadows, while the log cabin keeps warm the memory of the earliest English settlers."

"I'll wager Cousin Kate never slept in the wigwam," ventured Jack.

"No," responded Mary, "but Mr. Connolly





Cousin Kate's Log Cabin.

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told me she often visits the log cabin, and does some of her writing there."

"That's where she wrote the Indian story," broke in Mr. Connolly, who, from the driver's seat, had caught the mention of his name.

"I remember," said Mary. "It was published in ————'s *Magazine*. Samoset and a hundred of his fellows came to life, and gathering around Cousin Kate as she sat day-dreaming in one of her woodland seats—"

"It was a regular barbecue," interrupted Mr. Connolly, who had failed to understand exactly what Mary referred to. "There was people out from Boston; some of them made up as Indians, and some looking like the old Pilgrim Fathers, and two oxen roasted over an open fire, and a clam bake, and dancing in the Round House and—"

"It seems to me," remarked Jack, "that Cousin Kate has a mania for building. Just look at Green Hills, that she bought to get rid of undesirable neighbors, and having bought, proceeds to rebuild and overbuild, and use as a *"Welcome home"* for non-payment guests from the city, who can't afford the outing that they need."

"But, think of the fun she gets out of it,"

said Mary. "And most of all out of her horses and cows."

"She used to keep pigs," volunteered Mr. Connolly, whose interruptions had been smiled upon.

"And so became an 'Authority on Hogs,'" commented Mary.

"How was that?" asked Jack.

"One terribly hot day in August," responded Mary, "she was reclining in the skeeter-cheater, with an electric fan doing its best to keep her cool, when up drove a carriage containing an attractive young lady with an insinuating manner, and a photographer in the rear, who introduced herself as a special writer for the *Sunday Herald*."

"'Miss Kate? I thought so; I have been sent out to write up your farm, now so famous and so charming, and we beg you to come along with us and pose for a few pictures.'"

"'By no means,' responded Cousin Kate. 'I never go out in the noon heat.'"

"The attractive young lady urged and insinuated and pleaded until Cousin Kate turned the subject by asking if they had had lunch. They hadn't and were delighted to accept her hospitality for themselves and steed. After

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Interior of Cousin Kate's Log Cabin.



luncheon the urging and pleading and insinuating continued until Cousin Kate in despair went the rounds with them, and did their bidding. She posed beside the hay wagon, pitchfork in hand; she sat in the basket phaëton, with whip at a sporty angle; she stood by the door of the log cabin, feeding eight of her dogs; she lumbered into the flat boat on the Lily Pond, etc., etc. The young lady departed enthusiastic over their success, thanking Cousin Kate over and over again for her kindness, and assuring her that she would never forget it.

"No sooner was the young lady gone than Cousin Kate repented in sackcloth and ashes. 'If only,' she said to herself, 'the photographs would fail to come out.'"

"Of course they did fail," said Jack, who saw what was coming.

"Yes," answered Mary, "they failed, and the next day at noon reappeared the young lady with another photographer, and wanted Cousin Kate to do it all over again. But this time she was adamant. Nothing could induce her. The young lady might go with the foreman and photograph the horses and cows and dogs and pigs, but Cousin Kate refused to be in it. When the foreman returned from his trip with the

young lady he remarked: "‘She seemed powerfully interested in hogs.’ Cousin Kate trembled. Sure enough, the very next Sunday a full page story entitled ‘Cousin Kate, An Authority on Hogs,’ and in the middle of the page a ‘fake’ portrait of her surrounded by eight pigs, all gazing affectionately at her."

"It was an outrage," said Jack indignantly.

"So Cousin Kate thought," said Mary, "particularly as they quoted her as saying ‘If farmers want to make some money, they should raise pigs.’"

"She finally gave the pigs to one of the neighbors for his trouble in taking them away," explained Mr. Connolly. "They wouldn't get fat, and cost her more in grain than they would have ever been worth anyway. That was before I came with her," he added apologetically.

"I'm tired of pigs," said Mary. "I want one of those little Japanese garden boxes that Taka makes."

"They're very clever," assented Jack, "especially the one by the skeeter-cheater, with the water wheel that actually turns. Just like a little Japanese village in miniature. But after all, I like the inside of Cousin Kate's home best. That stairway leading up from the



dining-room, too narrow for a wooden railing, with a railing of rope just as on shipboard."

"It's always the quaint things and the queer things that catch your eye," said Mary. "You haven't said a word about the seven miles of roads, with stone and rustic seats, and an occasional bench or table, to make comfortable every viewpoint."

"No," agreed Jack, "but not because I didn't enjoy the drives. I believe Cousin Kate knows every inch of the two hundred acres of her farm. I was surprised that she didn't have a feeding acquaintance with the pickerel in the brook."

"You ought to see the attic," laughed Mary. "It is crowded with the most interesting old objects I have ever seen,—enough furniture to transform our 'den' into a bit of old New England, and Cousin Kate hinted that the next time we come out—"

"Which I hope will be very soon," said Jack with enthusiasm. "I'm just boiling over with ideas that will help us in our own home. And I do wish we could get more story interest into it. One thing I am determined upon, you shall have a Japanese tea-house with a tiny Japanese water garden around it."

"I think I'd rather have a log cabin," said Mary, "way out in the high woods back of the house, with only an almost-hidden trail leading to it. Then when we are tired of living like everybody else, we can camp out there, just you and I alone, and cook over an open fire where the goose hangs always high."

"Agreed," said Jack. "Do you think Cousin Kate will give you one of those old warming pans, and some of the candlesticks that came from her greatgrandfather?"

Mary smiled, but did not answer, for they were already at the railway station, with barely time to make the train.

## CHAPTER VIII

## THE DEN

“**W**HY do you call it the den?” asked Harriet, referring to the upstairs room where Jack and Mary have their writing-desks.

Tom and Harriet were dining with Jack and Mary in the house that Jack built. The oyster cocktails had been finished, and the cream of mushroom soup was on the table.

“We call it the den,” replied Mary, “because that is where we growl at each other. If I have spent more than I should, then Jack growls. If Jack has made a bad investment or been too easy with some one who owes him money, then I growl.”

“You see,” explained Jack, “all the business of the household is transacted in the den. Mary has her desk and I have mine, and we help each other with our accounts.”

“Much help I am to you,” commented Mary. “You know that my bank balance has never come out right but once since we were married.”

"And that was when we were traveling and you hadn't drawn any checks or made any deposits," chuckled Jack. But he stopped quickly, for he saw that Mary's eyes were getting moist, despite the fact that she had invited the joke upon herself. "Mary is really of very great assistance to me in my business. She may be weak on arithmetic, but she is as shrewd as the shrewdest when it comes to a big deal. It was Mary who kept me from tying up most of my ready money in Bailey's great development scheme for Pocono."

"Jack wanted to put in a lot of my money, too," explained Mary, "and when I wouldn't let him, he sulked for three whole days."

"I had really committed myself to Bailey," said Jack, "and his remarks about my cold feet were deucedly unpleasant."

"At any rate, Jack drew out of it altogether," said Mary, "and he and Bailey don't speak as they pass by."

"I shouldn't think Bailey would have the nerve to look anybody in the face who did invest with him," said Tom. "His operations came as near swindling as operations can come where the operator keeps out of jail."

"It takes enthusiasm and excess of optimism

to develop suburban real estate that has long been inactive," said Jack. "When the operator puts it over, he is a clever business man. When he slips up, often through no fault of his own, he is blackguarded by everybody. If I had gone in with Bailey, I'd have been in the same boat."

"Not quite as bad as that, Jack," said Tom. "You have more resources than Bailey. But you probably would have been cramped for years to come."

"And the funny part of it all is," said Mary, "that the reason I kept Jack out of it, was because I didn't like Mr. Bailey personally. I really thought the Pocono scheme was a fine one, and that there was a lot of money in it, but couldn't bear to have Jack get intimate with Mr. Bailey. He dined here once," she added reflectively, "and—"

"It is certainly a great convenience to have one room in the house devoted to business," interrupted Jack. "It enables me to stay out one or two days a week, without neglecting my work at the office. I have a vertical filing cabinet and a typewriter, and much of my correspondence is attended to here."

"I can play the typewriter," said Mary, "and

I'd do Jack's letters for him, if he didn't insist on having carbon copies. The carbons are so mussy."

"Why don't you get some of the new kind of carbon paper that isn't mussy?" inquired Tom. "It costs a little more, but will make at least two and sometimes three copies almost equal to the original."

"I'd rather sew," remarked Harriet. "I never wanted to parade in the streets or make a political speech, or pound a typewriter. But I do love to do embroidery and fancy stitches."

"And terribly clever you are at it," said Mary, who knew that Harriet's lingerie as well as shirtwaists bore proof of her skill. "But I'd like to vote just the same, and go to town every day and work in an office, and fill Jack's inkwell and—"

They all laughed. Mary is as ardent a suffragist as Harriet is an anti, and they often clash delightfully, seldom unpleasantly. Tom spoke up: "Mary is the most feminine creature to have advanced ideas I have ever seen. Why she should seek added power I do not understand. If she were one of the women who have to fight for themselves because no one will fight for them, I *could* understand, but—"



Den in Jack's House.

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"This was intended to be a serious evening devoted to the discussion of furniture for dens, including billiard-rooms and libraries and bachelor's apartments," interrupted Mary. "I call the meeting to order."

"Why not spinsters' apartments," queried Tom, "or bachelor girls' apartments if you prefer the latter term."

"Indeed, I do," said Mary. "Spinster is as bad as old maid and worse. Old maid belongs to the last generation, but spinster to a century ago. Spinster indeed."

"I think there is something rather quaint and fine about spinster," commented Harriet. "When I read the word on ancient gravestones, it suggests the days of Sir Roger de Coverley, and a lady who having loved once and lost, lived lonely the rest of her life and died with the image of her first lover still enshrined in her heart."

"Why, Harriet," said Mary. "That is beautiful. I shall love the word spinster now, just as if it came out of a poem."

"Mary and I had great fun buying furniture for the den," said Jack. "We just shopped and shopped without thoughts of architect or decorator or period style to restrain us. We had

made up our minds to spend just as little as possible, and buy what appealed to us without wondering whether it went with the room or not."

"Anyway," said Mary, "we're going to furnish it all over in two or three years."

Harriet smiled quietly to herself.

"The way Jack fooled me about his desk," went on Mary, "was disgraceful. He made believe for the moment that he really had set his heart on a Mission desk with a flat top, and that he couldn't be comfortable without a swivel chair."

"Mary, you *know* I love a swivel chair," said Jack.

"Yes," assented Mary, "but the reason you bought that desk and chair was because you can turn them over to your office in town later and save just that much money. And the money you saved on your desk you wasted on mine."

"Oh, that cost only \$85," said Jack. "And you had set your heart on a Lady Hamilton desk that cost \$305, and said—"

"No matter what I said," retorted Mary. "The Lady Hamilton desk, with its satinwood and delicate inlay, would have been absolutely useless and out of place in a den. But it was so

beautiful, I just lost my head. Only for actual work I'd rather have the biggest roll-top desk that is made."

"Mary has to have a great many pigeon-holes to file all her different papers and supplies. She has the most complete assortment of office supplies this side of Harlem River—stationery of all shapes and sizes for all purposes, the latest inventions in paste and glue and methods of applying them safely, tags and labels in bewildering variety, balls of cord in graded sizes from—"

"That will do, Jack," said Mary. "I notice that you make frequent requisitions upon my office supplies, and that you always use my patent filler for your fountain pen, although you insisted you never would."

"That mahogany desk is about the only Colonial piece in your whole house, isn't it?" asked Tom.

"Yes," assented Jack, "except the mahogany table with four columns at each end, for legs."

"What was the cost of that table, Jack?" asked Mary. "Do you remember?"

"I think it was \$30," answered Jack, "marked down from \$42. We bought it at one of Henderson's semi-annual sales."

"It isn't at all what we needed," commented Mary. "We should have had a large table for books and magazines."

"Yes," agreed Jack, "but a large mahogany table would have cost twice or three times as much."

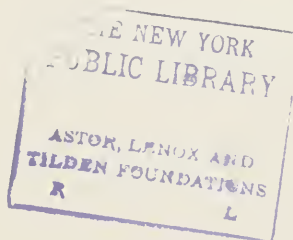
"It seems to me that mahogany is a dreadfully expensive wood," said Mary. "Even the small pieces cost a lot. Just think how inexpensive wicker and willow furniture are by comparison. The two armchairs in the den cost only \$15 apiece, with cushions included."

"But the mahogany furniture lasts, and the other doesn't," observed Harriet. "The wicker furniture is made to sell and the mahogany furniture to wear."

"Undoubtedly that is true to a certain extent," admitted Jack, "and undoubtedly if you want durability and style combined you must pay the price, but some of the wicker furniture being shown this season has an individuality and a charm all its own. There are even beds and tables in wicker."

"I should like to see them," said Harriet. "Where are they being shown?"

"At McHarg's," answered Jack. "And for





Mr. Van Arden's Billiard Room.

the couches and chairs they have cushions stuffed with a new kind of floss that is light as down and very elastic and springy."

"Springy while it is new," commented Tom. "All of these patent flosses mat together sooner or later. Feather and hair are the real things for cushions."

"Anyhow," said Jack, "these cushions and pillows are very inexpensive, and the manufacturer of the floss claims, so the clerk told me, that they will retain their resiliency longer than any other artificial stuffing."

"How expensive are the wicker beds?" asked Tom.

"One hundred and fifty dollars for twins," responded Jack. "And large couches with long cushions only \$36.25. The cheap box couch in our den cost \$18; the wicker one is much lighter and more graceful."

"There is certainly nothing beautiful about a box couch," said Tom, "but Harriet finds them very useful."

"That's because I haven't a room-size wardrobe like the one in Mary's dressing-room," retorted Harriet. "Our closets are miniatures by comparison."

"Where did you get the lamps in your den?"



asked Tom. "They have more of a denlike character than anything else in the room."

"Those," responded Jack, "were the result of one of Mary's solitary expeditions. She bought all three the same afternoon."

"But at three different shops," said Mary. "I know all the lamp shops in New York."

"How many are there?" asked Tom mischievously.

"Enough to wear one to a frazzle looking through them," said Mary, passing him a demitasse of black coffee. "Fifth Avenue, Fourth Avenue, Madison Avenue, and a dozen cross streets, and endless department stores. Of course I didn't go to all of them, but I saw lamps enough to illuminate the whole of Central Park. In one shop there were Oriental hammered brass lamps, and porcelain ones with lovely shades, some in hand-painted paper and some in silk; in another were little wooden standards with cretonne shades and hundreds of larger electric portables with leaded glass shades, most of them ugly, and huge leaded-glass dining-room domes, all of them ugly; in another shop I saw the most wonderful variety of lamps with silk and fancy fabric shades, all very expensive but very delicate and Frenchy; in another store,



where they sell nothing but lamps and fixtures, were carved alabaster bowls from Italy, the most beautiful I have ever seen, some as low as \$90.

"Indeed they are beautiful," said Tom. "To me they represent the most perfect form of lighting. They let enough of the light go down through them to illuminate the space below and prevent the black shadows caused by the so-called indirect lighting where the bowls are opaque instead of translucent."

"The light from the alabaster bowls never hurts my eyes," said Mary. "They are very different from those rings of frosted bulbs they have at St. Margaret's."

"Most churches are badly lighted," said Tom. "But you started to tell us where you got the three lamps for the den and what they cost."

"The one on Jack's desk cost \$10.50," answered Mary, "and it wasn't what he wanted at all. He wanted a goose neck, but the man said this was just as good as a goose neck and would adjust in any position."

"What is a goose neck?" asked Harriet.

"A goose neck," answered Mary, "is a flexible tube that lets you move the light anywhere you want it, and being stiffened with wire it

will stop wherever you want it. They're not expensive—from \$5 to \$10, according to the fittings and quality—and they're very useful to light the music on a piano. The base is weighted with lead to keep the long neck from pulling the thing over. Goose necks are not beautiful, but they are a great convenience. Besides, they can be covered with velours, tin shade and all, and then they look very rich. The leaded glass lamp on my desk I got at a sale and paid \$6.50 for it. The standard with the Japanese paper shade was \$7.75."

"The linolites," said Tom as he rose from the table, "are more expensive than goose necks, but being ten or twelve inches wide they light the music better."

After Tom and Jack had adjourned to the billiard-room, Tom said: "It really was a good idea of yours to build a billiard-room, Jack. It has more of a man's atmosphere than any other room in the house."

"Yes," said Jack, "my idea of a real den is a big space surrounded by built-in seats, with a billiard-table in the center, a well-filled humidor in one corner, and a well-filled cellarette in another corner."

"Yours is almost that," said Tom. "It could

be made mighty attractive with enough deep cushions and down sofa pillows."

"I knew one once in Chicago," said Jack, "that was the most popular room in the house. Often, when an entertainment was on, they would cover up the table with extension table leaves, spread mat and richly colored cloth over it, and use it as a buffet."

"A good idea," said Tom. "As a rule, the billiard-room is very much neglected, especially after the cloth of the table gets worn and the cues lose their tips."

"My cues are all in good condition," said Jack, making a difficult draw shot, "but they'll rust out before they wear out. This is the first game I've had for three months. You and Harriet must come over oftener."

"Nothing would please us better," said Tom. "Mary is good medicine for Harriet and you for me."

Just then the two ladies entered the billiard-room. "That is certainly a novel way of using deer horns," said Tom, indicating the brackets over the mantel. "How did you happen to think of it?"

"That was entirely Jack's idea," said Mary. "He shot the deer one summer in Canada, and

I didn't know anything about the brackets until they were up. They weren't expensive—only \$14 apiece.”

“But the antlers are worth \$15 or \$20 each,” protested Jack.

“What are these photographs?” asked Harriet, picking up two that lay loose on the mantel.

“That,” said Jack, “is Mr. Van Arden's billiard-room, designed by the architect Oswald C. Hering, and a beautiful one it is. It's half a floor below the level of the other main rooms. The going down cellarward gives a distinct den impression, which the stains and the beamed ceiling and the hunting scenes confirm. The frieze paintings all picture games,” he continued, “chess, bowling, a boar hunt, cards, golf. The tiles that frame the fireplace are a deep salmon red. The wainscot panels are in canvas, stippled bronze, red, green, and gold. The ceiling beams are stenciled in reds and blues.”

“It must look very rich,” said Tom, “but if I could afford a room like that I'd have seats all around it.”

“The other picture,” said Mary, “is Charlie Hall's den at college. Typical, isn't it?”





Charlie Hall's College Room.

"Yes," said Harriet. "When it comes to furnishing a college-room, all rules are suspended."

"Well, I did you that time, old man," cried Tom, "but I'm half afraid you played off just to make it easy for me. Come, Harriet, we ought to be coasting down toward the Sound. It's a dark night out, and we'll have to drive mighty slow."

## CHAPTER IX

## THE SUN-ROOM

MARY and Harriet were in Harriet's living-room, busy with a portfolio of rare colored fashion plates of a century ago, which Uncle Henry had sent to Harriet as a birthday present. Jack and Tom sat in the south sun-room smoking their after-dinner cigars.

"I'd like to stroll down to the water, and get a good view of your house from there," said Jack, breaking the silence. "It will soon be too dark to see clearly."

"All right," responded Tom, calling through the open window to Harriet to let her know their intention.

"Oh, Tom," said Mary impulsively, "mayn't we come too? I must put my arm around that dear old Japanesy tree again. It fits so perfectly into the surroundings."

Harriet was annoyed and showed it by her manner. She said: "Mary, you are the most restless creature I ever saw. You can't sit still a minute. You lack continuity."



"What's that?" asked Mary.

"Continuity," answered Harriet, speaking very slowly and distinctly, "is the art of sticking at things. I wanted you to help me decide on my gown for Lydia Johnson's wedding."

"I will later," said Mary, "but it is too beautiful out of doors now. And the full moon is just rising," she added, looking out over the Sound.

Harriet capitulated. Despite her obvious habit of continuity, that sometimes degenerated into monotony, she usually followed where Mary led. Jack spoke up: "If you think Mary lacks perseverance, Harriet, you are very much mistaken."

"I know that," said Harriet, "but she perseveres in such a non-continuous way. Just when I have her almost won over to my way of thinking, she begins to tell a story about something that happened to her cook's little lame niece, and by the time we get back to the subject, the whole situation is changed."

As they stood by the water's edge, looking back toward the house, Jack said, "Don't you ever have dinner on the porch?"

"Sometimes we dine in the sun-room," an-

swered Harriet, correcting him, "and we often breakfast there, but to-night one of the screens was out of order, and—"

"So you do have mosquitoes here," interrupted Jack, killing one on his hand as he spoke.

"We certainly do," assented Tom, "especially when the weather is warm and muggy and there is no breeze. Night before last it was impossible to stay out here because of them. Those two sun-rooms are the star features of the house. With the screens in, it's just like living out of doors. And when the colder weather comes, glass takes the place of screening, and we're as snug as a bug in a rug."

"Jack, I wish we had a sun-room, one with an open fireplace like Uncle Henry's," said Mary, recalling the happy days she had spent in it, practically out in the open, yet sheltered from bitter blasts of wind and snow and sleet.

"We use a portable heater, an oil one," said Tom, "and Harriet has an electric mat for her feet. There are floor plugs in both sun-rooms especially for it."

"Where did you get the sun-room furniture?" asked Jack.

"Part of it at Henderson's and part at Mc-



South Sun Room of Cousin Tom's House.

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Harg's," answered Tom. "The blue-and-green chairs came from Henderson's, and we had the table made to match. I'm going to have the reclining chairs enameled to match, too," he added, seating himself in one of them.

"They look very well as they are," commented Tom, "and I'm afraid you'll have trouble getting the cane enameled right."

"Perhaps so," said Tom. "Meanwhile we wrap ourselves in our steamer rugs, and watch the Fall River boats, and dream we are crossing the ocean. When the wind is high, and the spray driving against the glass makes it impossible to see out, and the trees creak like the masts of a sailing vessel, the illusion is very complete."

"How delightful," said Mary, cuddling down in her rug and trying to make her imagination transport her to the deck of the *Mauretania* out in the middle of the Atlantic.

"I like the wicker furniture in the other sun-room better," remarked Harriet. "And there the rubber trees and cactuses and window garden remind me of the palm-room at the Mariana Grand. With the phonograph in the next room playing a Strauss waltz, the place is no longer lonely, but crowded with

women in splendid gowns and men in evening dress."

"And after we've had three or four waltzes," said Tom, "we put in a song record and hear Caruso do the Spirito Gentil from Donizetti's 'Favorita.'" As he spoke he rose, went into the living-room, and started the machine.

All listened in silence. "It is wonderful," said Mary. "I never imagined they could reproduce Caruso's voice like that. I almost lost myself."

"You can hear it better in the other sun-room," said Harriet, leading the way through the pergola.

While Tom was inserting a new record, Mary said to Harriet: "What cunning cushions! Did they come with the chairs, Harriet?"

"Yes," answered Harriet, "or rather they were made to order for the chairs. The cretonne I selected myself. It is fading already," she complained.

"Why didn't you get the sunfast fabrics?" asked Mary.

"I did," answered Harriet.

"I think you must be mistaken, Harriet," said Jack. "They don't guarantee the printed

colors sunfast and tubfast—sundour and tubdour as one manufacturer calls it. It's only the colors that have been dyed into the yarn before weaving."

"These didn't fade till one night, when they got wet," said Harriet.

"Why don't they try glazed chintz?" asked Mary. "While I don't like it all over a big bedroom the way the English use it, it seems to me very suitable for a sun-room. How much were the chairs?"

"Eleven dollars and a half apiece, including the cushions," said Harriet, "and the settee was \$19.50."

"And the fiber rug was \$20," added Tom, "and the wicker flower stand was \$8.75."

"Such a magnificent moon," said Mary, looking out seaward, "and redder than I have ever seen it before. Your sunrises must be as thrilling as our sunsets over the Hudson."

Harriet laughed; so did Tom. "Harriet has never seen one," he remarked, "but she expects to next winter."

"In summer the sun rises too early," explained Harriet. "I always get my best sleep after it begins to get light."

"Why don't you sleep out of doors?" asked

Mary. "Then you can see the sun rise without leaving your bed."

"I would," said Harriet, "if we had a sleeping porch on the second story. But I don't like being so near the ground at night."

"It seems quite the fashion nowadays," said Jack, "to build houses with one or more sleeping porches or half-open rooms. All this talk about tuberculosis has set people to thinking, and they are saying to themselves: 'If fresh air will cure tuberculosis, then it should prevent it, and it's a great deal better never to have had tuberculosis than to be cured of it.'"

"No wonder farmers' wives and daughters so often have consumption," said Mary. "They shut themselves up in small, stuffy rooms, and never by any chance walk out in the open air. And they sleep without any ventilation at all."

"Or rather they used to," said Jack. "There has been a great change in the past few years. The farmers are not only getting automobiles now, but also steam heat and gas and sanitation."

"That's mostly out West, isn't it, Jack?" asked Tom.

"Not entirely," responded Jack. "My grandfather's old homestead, that is now occupied



by an Italian who landed twenty years ago with less than a hundred dollars in his pocket, is lighted by electricity as well as heated by steam, and the trolley passes less than a quarter of a mile away. Formerly it was two miles to the nearest railway and——”

“That wonderful moon!” interrupted Mary. “His face isn’t so red now. Do you remember how the moon used to look from the breakfast-room of Senator Parker’s place in New Hampshire?”

“Also the sun,” interpolated Tom. “The morning we left and had to get up to catch the train at half-past five, all the eastern sky was one magnificent conflagration. The clouds were alive with color. Until that morning I’d been content to sit with my back to the view, facing Harriet and Mary, and feasting my eyes on the most perfect breakfast-room in the country.”

“It sounds funny to call it a room when two sides of it are open to the weather,” commented Mary. “My idea of a room is something with a floor and a ceiling and four walls.”

“In the strict sense of the word,” said Tom, “you are probably right, and Senator Parker’s breakfast-room should be called a breakfast porch or veranda or piazza, but personally

I'd rather call it a sun-room, for that is what it really is."

"Oh, I don't object to it," said Mary. "In fact, I rather like it. It illustrates how strong the tendency is toward out-of-door living when any one should even think of *al fresco* breakfasting like the Italians and the ancient Romans."

"We have a great deal still to learn from the ancient Romans," commented Tom. "They lived out of doors much more than we do, and that not only in the warmer climate of Southern Italy and Sicily, but also in what are now Austria and Germany and France and England."

"I think Senator Parker's architect has learned his lesson pretty well," said Jack. "If that breakfast-room isn't a piece out of Pompeii or Herculaneum, I lose my guess."

"Yes," said Tom, "an architect who can create a room like that is a true master builder. He doesn't waste his time trying to be odd or different or freakish. He tears the heart out of the masters who built the noblest structures of past centuries, and then creates perfect buildings for twentieth-century America."

"That's what I call *real* originality," said Jack. "The common every-day type of orig-



Views of, and from, Senator Parker's Sun Room.

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inality, as some one has put it, is the last refuge of the incompetent. Greatness and perfection are the qualities to strive for. Originality is the result of changed conditions and new materials rather than of changed human nature or insane genius."

"I quite agree with you," said Tom. "Senator Parker's breakfast-room is not only the best I have ever seen, it is also the most original. The architect did not invent a new architectural language, but he did invent a new room."

"Bravo!" said Mary. "That is the first real talk you and Jack have had for a long time. I lost my heart to the small marble faun who stood joyously on his pedestal piping the pleasures of the wood and fields. And the man's head was so beautiful. If it came to life, I know I should forget Jack entirely."

"It is a remarkable head," said Jack with some feeling, "and I'm glad the original of it has been dead for at least 1800 years."

"The table I remember with especial pleasure," said Tom. "Much simpler than most Roman tables, and the mahogany top translated it from an antiquity into a piece of household furniture for actual use."

"It's not really an antiquity, is it?" asked

Harriet. "I thought the ancient ones were made of marble or cement."

"So they were," said Tom. "I merely meant an antiquity in the sense of being based on an antique original."

"I think Senator Parker told me the chairs were based on a Colonial original," said Jack, "and Late Colonial at that."

"So they are," assented Tom. "But the reproductions are much better than the original. They are beautifully made, but not so terribly expensive. They cost \$20 apiece. Of course the cost would have been considerably more if the cameo ornament on the back had been inlaid in the mahogany instead of painted on. But the chairs do suggest the ancient Roman chairs of bronze, and like them are crisp and clean cut."

"In short," said Jack, "just the kind of chair an ancient Roman chairmaker would have created under similar conditions."

"Exactly," responded Tom.

"I'd like cushions on the seats and hassocks on the floor," said Mary. "Those cold tiles are very beautiful to look at and walk on, but they are not comfortable for feet at rest."

"They have them now," said Tom, "and in

consequence of the remarks you made on the subject last summer. I was there early in May, when it was bitterly cold. As I drove up to the house I saw the Senator with his secretary breakfasting on food that had left the kitchen hot, but was freezing as he ate. He had on a big fur-lined ulster and a fur hat, and a silk muffler around his neck. Cloth gloves protected his hands. But he was enjoying the scenery, and had his feet on a hassock."

"Poor Senator," said Mary, "he doesn't get much of Elizabeth's companionship up there."

"No," said Tom, "she doesn't care for the mountains. And then she doesn't like the neighbors. They aren't fashionable enough for her."

"I don't think Elizabeth approves of cement and tile walls and floors," said Mary. "Her idea of elegance is a French boudoir."

"A French boudoir is all right in its place," said Tom, "but for the country, if I could afford it, I'd have a huge living-room with rough tiles on the floor, and cement walls jeweled with exquisite old Persian and Moorish tiles, and hung with richly colored tapestries. Then I could bring the dogs in and let them

lie around the fire as they did in the days of Queen Elizabeth."

"A man's idea rather than a woman's," said Harriet, "but it appeals to me. Only I'd like a special corner where the dogs would be taboo, and a fine rug under my feet."

"Senator Parker's health has improved greatly since he began living so much out of doors," remarked Tom. "Why, two years ago the doctor almost gave him up, and for months he was confined to a wheel chair. Now he tramps five miles over the mountains and comes back as fresh as his secretary."

"I don't think his secretary is very enthusiastic about walking," said Mary. "He is writing a play and spends every spare moment at it. He begrudges the Senator the time taken in walking with him. Good night, Harriet," said Mary, rising as their chauffeur drove up with the car. "Good night, Tom. I think your two sun-rooms are simply fine. Good-by." And in an hour she and her husband were back in the house that Jack built.



## CHAPTER X

### THE GUEST-ROOM

“**H**OW do you like it?” asked Mary, as they sat down in the furniture department at McHarg’s.

“Like what?” responded Harriet, whose mind was still on the gown that the modiste had failed to fit to her satisfaction.

“Why the chance to pick out furniture to suit ourselves, without any lord and master to say that it costs too much,” said Mary.

“I never noticed that you had any trouble that way,” retorted Harriet impatiently. “It’s you who hold Jack down. He told me it was you who insisted on rag rugs upstairs in order to save money. And he says you persuaded him that they are more sanitary.”

“Jack’s a dear boy,” said Mary, “but dreadfully obstinate. I not only had to persuade him that they are more sanitary, but also tease him to get them instead of Orientals just to please me. He seemed to be afraid Tom wouldn’t like them.”

"Tom doesn't," exclaimed Harriet. "He said he was surprised at you. Usually he talks about you as if you were the paragon of all perfections. But this time he told Jack he ought to assert himself—that rugs are the foundation of furnishing."

"I wonder how Tom happened to suggest that the selection of the guest-room furniture be left to you and me," commented Mary.

"Oh, just because the novelty of buying furniture has worn off, and he wanted Jack to look at a piece of property he is interested in. You remember how they treated us the afternoon of the Museum."

"Yes," answered Mary. "I don't think Jack will ever do that again. I punished him severely. The idea! They were to meet us at three and they arrived only fifteen minutes before the Museum closed."

"He made up for it later," remarked Harriet. "I don't think Jack was ever so entertaining as at Cabarin's. His stories about the odd people he meets in business were most delightful. I could actually see that Italian peddler, who turned out to be a prosperous Harlem builder, with money enough to buy an apartment building."

"What is more," said Mary, "Jack sold him an apartment building and he is a model landlord. I met him. He looks like a brigand with those big earrings, but he is well educated and has settled down as a good American citizen."

"I should be afraid of him," said Harriet. "I feel sure that he must have committed murder in his native Sicily."

"He did," responded Mary. "But his influence with the Camorra got him off. Besides, it wasn't a very bad murder."

Harriet looked shocked. "Murder is murder," she said.

"Not always," remarked Mary. "He has the dearest little wife, with skin as brown as a sailor's and eyes as black as night. It was to save her—"

Just then the clerk for whom they were waiting approached. He has been selling furniture for twenty years, and can at a glance identify the work of all important American makers and many foreign ones. Also, his mind is a chart of prices. Show him the photograph of a chair, and immediately he will name not only the maker and his price, but also the price charged by other makers for

pieces that look like it. "The important part of a chair," he often says, "is not what appears in the photograph. It is the part only the trained eye can detect. It is the part that depends on the grade of the lumber, the skill of the workman, and the honest intention of the manufacturer. Take those two Chippendale chairs over there. One was made by C——, the other by D——. One is \$40, the other \$20. To the average purchaser they look alike, but the \$40 one is much better value than the \$20 one."

"How do you do, Mr. Marly?" said Mary. "You remember Mrs. Tom and myself? We were here once before."

"Yes, indeed, Mrs. Jack," he responded, "and Mr. Jack and Mr. Tom were with you. Did you find what you wanted elsewhere?"

"No," answered Mary. "We went to four other shops and got so tired I thought I should scream. And then we went home, and now the men have sent us to do it all."

"I think you said," remarked the salesman, "that you and Mrs. Tom have just visited the Decorative Arts Wing of the Metropolitan Museum."

"No," said Harriet, who had been listening

with a bored expression. "We had just made an engagement to visit it."

"Did you find it interesting?" queried the salesman, who was somewhat piqued because he had not been able to sell them on the occasion of their previous visit.

"We liked the Colonial and English rooms," responded Harriet, "but we thought the French rooms were rather overdone."

"Speak for yourself, Harriet," interrupted Mary. "I simply love the French styles, and whenever Jack and I can afford it, we are going to have a Louis XVI drawing-room. Mr. Hunter says the French styles of Louis XIV, Louis XV, and Louis XVI are the only finished and perfected decorative styles since the Italian Renaissance and ancient Rome and Greece."

"What has caused the downfall of the French styles in this country, as far as the cheap trade is concerned," remarked the salesman, "are the absurdities and grotesqueries of the French furniture and interiors 'made in America.' The average newspaper and magazine writer on decorative subjects never has seen a good example of French decorative art, and naturally follows the multitude in condemning it. The

Museum is doing a great work in showing the French styles right."

Mary laughed. "You seem quite an enthusiast," she remarked. "But I don't see much resemblance between the French pieces here and those at the Museum."

"There isn't," he answered. "We don't cater to that kind of trade. But I can show you the most interesting Louis XVI enameled chamber sets at moderate prices in town."

"I don't think \$175 is so moderate," said Harriet.

"The same set made in France would cost here \$400," said the salesman, "and the antique set from which this is adapted is worth not less than \$2,500."

"I can't see why any one should pay such prices," remarked Harriet. "The main object is to have furniture that makes the right impression on visitors."

Mary interrupted. "For my guest-room I want white enameled furniture, with cretonne draperies and upholstery; but I simply cannot pay any such prices."

The salesman smiled. Mary grew indignant. "Harriet, it is time we were going."

"Not yet," said Harriet. "I have found

exactly what I want for my guest-room. A Colonial bureau of solid and substantial character. I know Tom will like that."

The salesman assented. "A very well-made and durable piece of furniture, madam, of the Late Colonial type."

Harriet beamed. "I knew it was Colonial. Of course it isn't like any of the museum pieces, but it has an individuality and solidity that I like."

Mary looked to see if the salesman was smiling, but he was intent upon accomplishing the sale, and led the way to the bed that matched. "Napoleon himself would rest easy on a bed like that," he remarked.

"Empire Colonial, I suppose you call it," remarked Mary, manifesting a sudden interest. "Mr. Parsons says that when a piece of furniture looks like Colonial but isn't, then it's American Empire, and hides a multitude of decorative sins."

"I'm sure I don't care what your Mr. Parsons says," retorted Harriet. "He probably dotes on Louis XV and Rococo fragilities for my lady's boudoir, and consequently objects to the solidity of Empire."

"Hardly," commented Mary. "No one who

knows Mr. Parsons would accuse him of a weakness for Rococo. It is his special detestation. Indeed, he is unfriendly to all the French styles from Louis XIV on. Says they are insincere and trivial."

"He helped me a great deal," ventured the salesman. "I took a course with him on the historic styles in decoration, and found that I'd been wrong on many vital points. But I can't quite follow him in all his preachments about furniture that is immoral."

"Nor I," said Mary. "One of my friends took the course. You know he gives it in the daytime for ladies, a special class for them only, and she got so saturated with his ideas about morality in chairs that she took all those in the house that wouldn't pass muster and had them chopped up into kindling wood."

"Mary, you are absurd," interrupted Harriet.

"And when he heard about it," continued Mary, "he complimented her on her moral courage, but added that if everybody did the same, there would soon be an oversupply of kindling wood. I'm crazy to meet him, and I'm going to take his course next winter, and then set up a shop of my own.





Cousin Tom's Guest Room.

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"He has done more than any other man to improve the taste of Americans," again ventured the salesman. "He has taught not only the general public, but also the men in the trade who make and handle the goods, and have the power to control or at least to greatly influence the demand."

"Well, Harriet, are you going to take the Late American Empire Colonial bed and bureau?" asked Mary.

"Yes," responded Harriet, "and the chifonier that stands next the bureau. Thank Heaven, that's done," she sighed, as the salesman wrote out the order. "What a cute little desk," she exclaimed, drawing back to get a good view. "I think I'll get it for the guest-room, and later move it into my room. How much is it, and will it go with the other furniture?"

The salesman hesitated, but imperceptibly. "Oh, yes," he said, "it's an excellent model, though a little simpler in style, and is beautifully made. Just see how smoothly the drawers work," he added, pushing them back and forth so as to produce the rush of air that shows tightly fitted cabinet work, "and it is finished just as well inside as out, and behind as before.

They call it the Martha Washington work table."

"Will the bureau drawers do that?" asked Mary in an earnest manner, as if the joy of her life depended on knowing.

"I'll take it," interrupted Harriet, "and now for the chairs."

"Will you please wait on me?" said Mary, addressing another salesman, who happened to be passing at the moment. "I'll meet you here in twenty minutes," she called to Harriet, "after you have bought the chairs and mirror."

"White enameled furniture," she said, turning again to the salesman. "I don't want our guest-room to look like an old-fashioned parlor. If there is anything I thoroughly and completely dislike, it is a sleeping-room lumbered up with dark and massive mahogany."

"The light colors are certainly more appropriate," commented the salesman respectfully. "I think I know what you want. An enameled iron bed, with bureau and dresser also in white enamel, and white enameled willow chairs upholstered all around on the inside."

"Splendid!" said Mary; "I mean the chairs. They had been puzzling me. I wanted them light and inexpensive. But I want twin beds."

"This way to the chairs, madam," said the salesman, going ahead.

"Don't madam me, young man," snapped Mary. "Every time any one does it to me, I take it as a personal insult. If you have forgotten my name, then leave it out altogether. But don't address me as madam."

"I beg your pardon, miss," retorted the salesman gallantly, with a bow that made Mary laugh. "I was merely following the instructions we get from the firm."

Mary looked at him more closely. "I thought you were the one who waited on myself and Mr. Jack when we bought the draperies for the living-room," she said. "We were so pleased with the result, that I thought I would give him another opportunity."

"We are showing the best patterns of willow furniture made," said the salesman, as he led the way to the chairs. "It comes either in natural finish or enamel, and when intended for chambers, we recommend that the cushion and back be upholstered in cretonne to match the draperies—like this," he said, indicating by his glance a grouping of bed, chairs, and drapery.

"How charming," said Mary. "But I don't want gray enamel; I want white enamel."

"The price is the same," remarked the salesman.

"And I don't want such expensive beds," added Mary, reading the price tag. "The chairs are less than I expected, but the beds are much more."

"We can easily find less expensive beds that are good," said the salesman, "but I was especially anxious about the chairs—that you should be pleased with the style and shape, I mean. How many do you need?"

"One of these," said Mary, reclining luxuriously in the reading-chair, "and two of the armchairs. How much altogether?"

"For the reading-chair, \$20; and for each of the armchairs \$11.50—\$43, in all. That is for the chairs complete, with cretonne upholstery to match the draperies, but extra for the imported cretonnes."

"Why pay extra for imported cretonnes?" asked Mary. "Don't they make just as good ones here as abroad?"

"They do not," responded the salesman. "All our finest cretonnes come from France or England, especially those with large figures that have to be hand blocked."

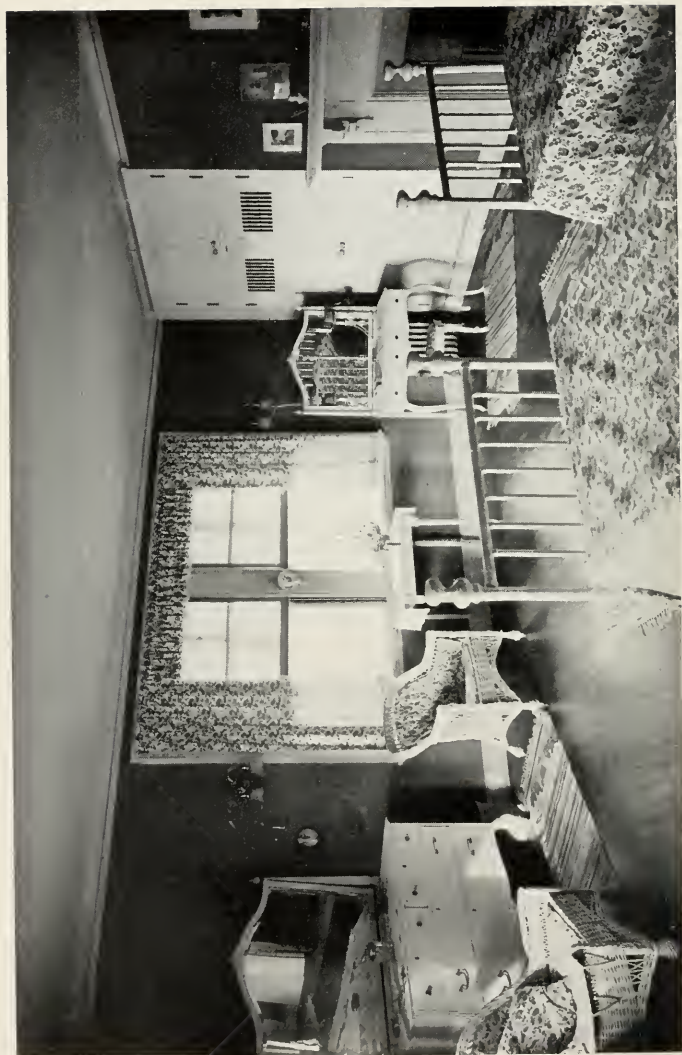
"Oh, I remember," said Mary, "there was an

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Guest Room in Jack's House.



article about them in the October, 1912, number of *Country Life in America*."

"With illustrations of a number of the best ones," added the salesman. "But that doesn't mean we don't produce any good cretonnes in America. The one on the grouping there is domestic, and so is this," he continued, displaying a yard and half length.

"Fine," said Mary. "I'll take it. How much?"

"Thirty-five cents a yard," answered the salesman. "I'll have the beds you select measured for the covers and send out a man to measure for the draperies."

"You charge extra for that, don't you?" asked Mary, looking for the moment very much like a woman of business.

"Oh, it all comes in the bill as a whole," answered the salesman.

"But makes the bill just so much larger. No, thank you," said Mary. "Here is a plan of the windows with exact sizes, which Mr. Jack made this morning, and that's the kind of draperies he wants."

"I see," said the salesman. "Side curtains with a shallow valance. Two double windows. Nothing could be better. He did as well as

our own man would. I'll have the estimate for the whole sent you to-morrow."

After Mary had selected the beds at \$18 each, they adjourned to the section where stood bureaus and dressers. It did not take long to select the least expensive among those that Mary considered possible. "I suppose Mrs. Tom will turn up her nose at the bandy legs," she remarked confidentially to the salesman, "and will say cutting things about having French furniture in American homes. At any rate, it isn't so very French."

"No," assented the salesman. "It certainly bears every mark of having been naturalized."

"All our good furniture is downstairs," said Mary. "We had everything in the dining-room made to order and carved by hand. Jacobéan, or is it Jacóbean?" she added, hesitating between the short and long *a*.

"Some people say Jacóbean," suggested the salesman, accenting the *o*, "but I believe Jacobéan, with the accent on the *e*, is preferable."

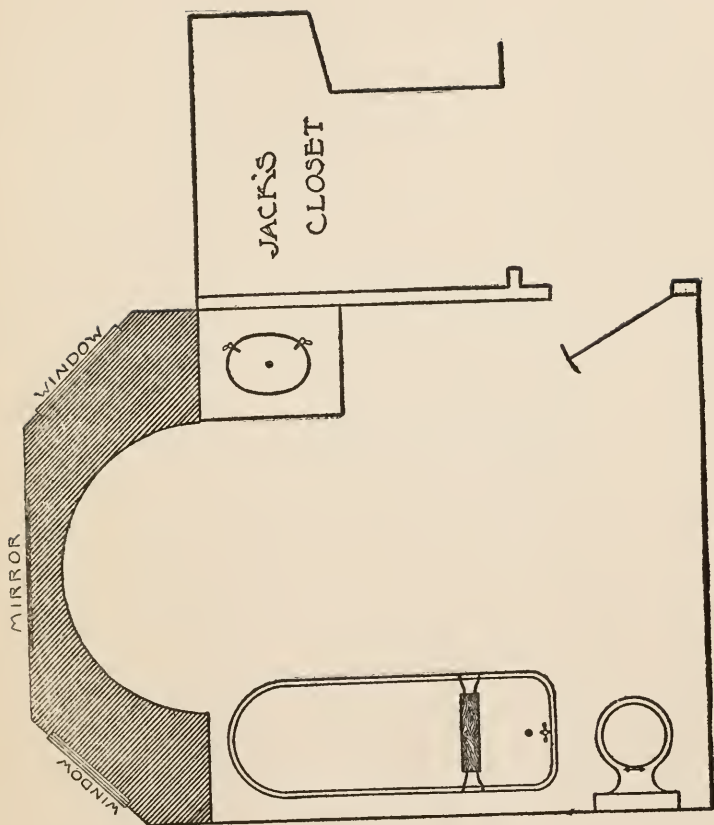
"Our guest-room has the most splendid closet," said Mary, apparently not noticing the approach of Harriet, "with a grating cut through the doors. Mr. Jack says it adds to the architectural interest of the room, that the

spacing of the doors—Why, Harriet,” she cried, turning abruptly, “you did give me a start. Are you through?” and they went to join Jack and Tom for dinner at the Café d’Or.

## CHAPTER XI

## THE BATHROOM

“**J**ACK, it is perfectly lovely,” said Mary inspecting for the first time the owner’s bathroom in the house that Jack built. It was with fear and trembling that Jack had ventured to take entire charge of the fitting up of the bathrooms, for in spite of his long experience in building operations, he always liked to have Mary’s critical suggestions. Even when she has little practical knowledge of the subject, her comments are always interesting and usually illuminating. And when work is not done to her satisfaction, she speaks plainly, even if Jack is the one to be hurt. So Jack heaved a deep sigh of gratitude at hearing her express such enthusiastic approval. He felt that the time he and Tom had spent at the showrooms of the maker of bathroom supplies had not been wasted. And he was especially thankful to his architect who had planned the bathroom so that Mary’s built-in dressing table with drawers galore caught her fancy at first



Plan of Mary's Bathroom.

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sight, and made her blind to several minor imperfections that otherwise might have caused her to unsheathe her pretty claws.

"Such a dressing table I never saw," continued Mary, taking off her hat, and sitting down before it on a bathroom chair of simple, good lines and solid construction, fitted with rubber tips so that the feet did not slip or make a noise or mar the tiled floor, and finished in celluloid enamel that resists moisture and bruises indefinitely. (It cost \$15.) "I knew from Mr. Joannes's plans what the shape of it would be, but I never dreamed the lighting of it would be so perfect," she added, lowering one of the window shades to equalize the illumination from the two sides. "What a heavenly mirror," she went on, adjusting the wings (each 1 foot 6 inches by 1 foot 2 inches) so that first one and then the other side of her coiffure was clearly revealed to her; "I'm afraid you paid more for it than you should, Jackie."

"It cost \$50," replied Jack, "but it is the best of the kind made. The back is 1 foot 6 inches high by 2 feet 6 inches wide, giving you seven square feet of mirror space in all. The nickel-plated metal frame increases the cost, but will wear longer."

"It is simply perfect," said Mary, "and I only wish you had one like it to shave by. I wonder how it lights up by night," she continued, lowering one of the opaque window shades quite down, while Jack lowered the other, closed the door, and switched on the electricity. "Why, it's just like day!" she exclaimed, "and the light doesn't hurt my eyes at all."

"The lighting of this room caused me a good deal of worry," said Jack, smiling at the recollection of difficulties overcome. "Everybody agreed that the tiled floor and wainscoting, and the wall paper and ceiling above, as well as furniture should be in cream or white, and that there should be one electric outlet for the ceiling, one for the lavatory, and one for the dressing table, but nobody was quite sure how to place the ceiling light or how to light the mirror."

"Why, Jack, the room is light, from the ceiling fixture only," said Mary, drawing down the chain pulls on the two brackets.

"Yes," assented Jack, "the walls are so light in color that they reflect and re-reflect the light back and forth and save it. Dark walls would eat up the light and waste it. Besides, dark



walls would make the bathroom seem small and narrow."

"But, Jack," said Mary, "the ceiling is darker than the walls. I thought the ceiling should always be lighter than the walls and the walls lighter than the floor, just as the sky is lighter than the earth."

"Not always," answered Jack. "The object of the stenciling on the ceiling and its darker tone, is to make it seem lower. And that's why the electric outlets are all so placed and the lights so shaded as to take the light off the ceiling and upper walls and concentrate it on the middle and lower walls."

"And also on the floor," commented Mary. "I could find one of your collar buttons here without half trying."

"That's why the floors of bathrooms should be light in color and brightly lighted," remarked Jack. "It leaves no opportunity for anything to disappear or get lost."

"I'm so glad the bracket over the mirror has such wide-spreading arms," said Mary. "Was that your idea?"

"No," answered Jack, "that was Tom's. He first called my attention to the fact that the way to light a mirror is not to light it at all."

"That's a funny idea," commented Mary, "and if carried out in lighting a whole house, ought to be a very economical one. How does he explain it?"

"Tom says," went on Jack, "that just as the way to light a room is to light the objects in it, so the way to light a mirror is to light the objects you want to see in it. The two lights over your dressing table are so placed that they illuminate your face and hair, but they are near the wall so that they send almost no light into the mirror."

"Why wouldn't one of the long slender lino-lite tubes be as useful here as on a piano?" asked Mary.

"Because on a piano the light is desired not on the face of the performer, but on the music. Still, I should think the tube might be turned around so as to throw the light forward upon the face.

"Of course it could," said Mary. "But I doubt if it would be as satisfactory as what we have. Let well enough alone."

"How do you like the tub?" asked Jack.

"It seems dreadfully low," responded Mary.

"Of course," responded Jack, "the finest ones are made that way now. Easy to get into and

easy to get out of, with no open space beneath for things to roll under or dust to collect under. The bottom surface of the tub is level with the floor tiling."

"It is splendidly big," remarked Mary.

"Five feet 10 inches, by 2 feet 8 inches," said Jack.

"How much did it cost?" interrupted Mary.

"One hundred and seventy-six dollars," responded Jack.

"Oh, Jack," said Mary, "that is a terrible price. I saw one six feet long for \$40 yesterday in a shop on Sixth Avenue."

"There are bath tubs and bath tubs," explained Jack. "The one you saw was iron enameled white. I got one of the cheap ones for the servants' bathroom."

"I thought they were all made of iron underneath," admitted Mary, with a mock show of humility.

"No, indeed," said Jack, "all the better tubs are made of porcelain that has been baked in a kiln for a week or ten days under a temperature of from 2,500 to 3,000 degrees."

"Why don't they do the same to the iron tubs?" asked Mary.

"Because it would melt the iron," answered

Jack. "The enamel on the iron tubs has to be baked at a lower temperature, so that the glaze is comparatively soft and easily injured by stains and bruises."

"That's why so many of the tubs in apartment houses look dingy and dirty, isn't it?" asked Mary.

"It certainly is," answered Jack. "In some of the cheaper ones they put in tubs costing only \$15 or \$18 apiece, and have the work hurriedly done by some plumber who is more anxious to get the job than to deliver the goods. It doesn't pay in the long run, but when the builder has sold the building, he no longer has to bother about the looks or durability of anything in it."

"I think the bathrooms in the average apartment are disgraceful," remarked Mary. "They are so small and cluttered up."

"That's because the renting of an apartment is based on the number of rooms in it," said Jack. "The more rooms, the more rent the landlord reasons, and the easiest way to get more rooms is to stint the size of the less prominent ones. Personally I think they're on the wrong track. I believe that people generally have sense enough to appreciate

apartments intelligently planned. This is shown by the success of the studio and duplex apartments. Almost all of them have not only one comparatively huge room, but also a splendid big bathroom."

"I wish our bathrooms were larger," sighed Mary, who in fancy had transported herself back to the magnificent marble halls of ancient Rome.

"So do I," agreed Jack. "But yours is not so bad, 8 feet 6 inches by 11 feet 6 inches. The guest's bathroom is only 8 feet by 10."

"But that has less in it and a smaller tub," remarked Mary.

"And a much cheaper one," added Jack. "It is in enameled iron and cost \$37.50. The lavatory in the guest's bathroom cost \$45, and the toilet \$40.50. Both the latter are in porcelain, as enameled iron isn't durable enough. They get more hard knocks than the tub. The folding mirror over the guest's lavatory cost \$26," continued Jack, reading from his note book, "and the enameled shelf with towel rod \$9.50. The other towel rod was \$4.25 and—"

"Oh, Jack, I'm tired of the guest's bathroom," interrupted Mary. "What did you have to pay for this comfy stool," sitting down on it as she

spoke. "The long rubber tips make it as springy as rubber heels on shoes."

"Six dollars and thirty cents," answered Jack.

"The first inexpensive thing about the bathroom," remarked Mary. "But one of the best in it," she added, noticing that Jack wanted to continue his lecture on bathrooms still further. "Where can I shampoo my hair?" she asked, with apparently deep interest in the question.

"Here," said Jack, pointing out the attachment over the side of the tub. "The whole shower with white duck curtain, tubular spray 8½ inches, curtain ring 25 inches, and shampoo, cost only \$44."

"Quite enough," said Mary. "Especially as I want to use the shampoo over the lavatory and not over the tub."

"I know you've been accustomed to do that," said Jack, "but you'll find it much more convenient over the tub. The shower in the guest-room was only \$17, but it hasn't any shampoo attachment."

"I do like this bath seat," said Mary, stepping into the tub and sitting down on the object spoken of. "It makes the interior of a bath-

tub really manageable. You can sit and boil your feet at your leisure, without any danger of slipping. Those German things on the steamers that they call *Fussbad* I abominate."

"Yes," assented Jack. "A German bathroom, with its separate tub for each separate operation, reminds me of my grandfather's barn-door, in which when a boy I cut three holes, one for our big dog, one for the middle-sized dog, and one for the small dog."

Mary laughed. She had heard the story several times before, but she felt increased respect at each new application of it. "I'm so glad you have a closet of your own," she said, opening the door and looking into the doorless opening on the left, "and especially one with a window in it."

"All my life I've wanted one like it," said Jack, "a closet equipped with drawers and hangers to carry all my hats and ties and coats and trousers without messing."

Just then the loud puffing of a car climbing the hill became heard, and Mary opening the door to the balcony, stepped out and waved her hand at Tom and Harriet. "They've come over to see how we are getting on," she said to Jack.

"I'll bring them up here," said Jack hastening downstairs to the front door. "The living-room isn't very comfortable for entertaining yet."

"Such a trip!" said Harriet, as she entered Jack and Mary's bed-room and greeted Mary with a sisterly kiss. "The mud was six inches deep in some places, and the car is a sight. Tom had to drive slowly, and that's why we are so late."

"Never mind," said Mary, "we've nothing but a cold luncheon to offer you, and that in an unfurnished dining-room."

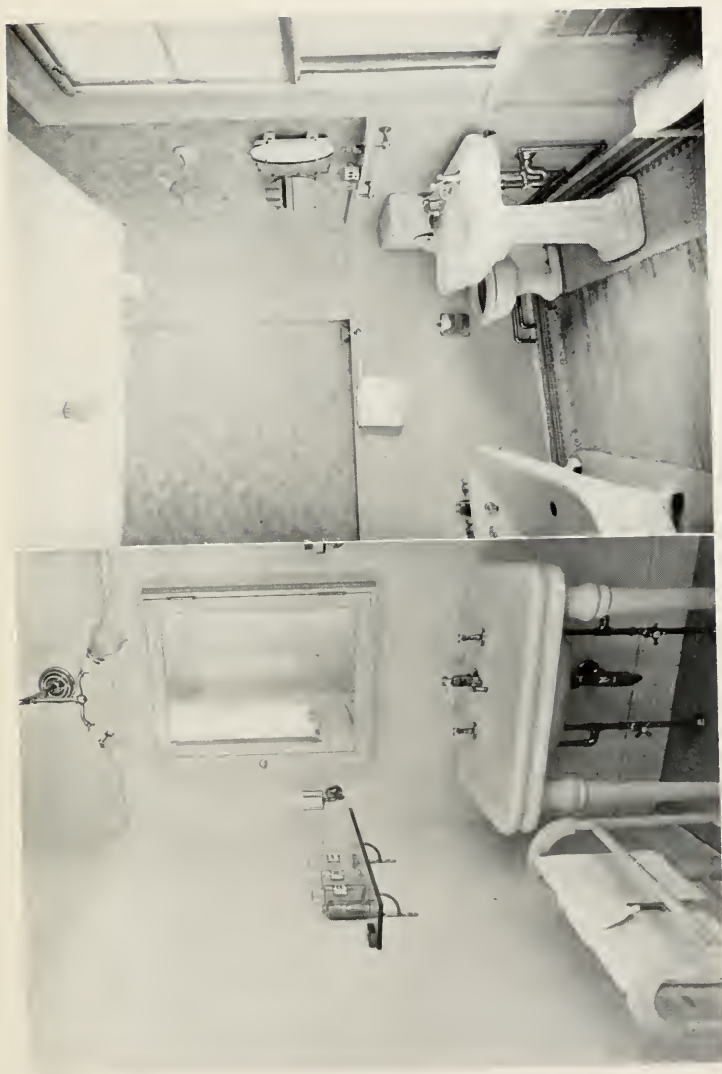
"First I want to see your bathroom," said Harriet. "Tom has told me so much about it. Say's it's the most perfect ever."

"Tom hasn't seen it either," said Jack, leading the way to the room in question. "But he knows a lot about it, for he helped me select the tub and other fixtures."

"How light and bright it is," said Harriet. "And what a heavenly dressing-table," she added, sitting down at it and surveying herself from many points of view.

"The most convenient and useful bathroom I ever saw," said Tom, noting the variety of towel racks and sponge holders and soap hold-





Guests' Bathrooms in the Houses of Tom and Jack.

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ers and mirrored medicine cabinets. "And even a bath thermometer," he added.

"That cost only 60 cents," said Jack.

"But where do you weigh yourself?" asked Harriet, who being inclined to embonpoint, watched her avoirdupois closely. "Haven't you a bathroom scale?"

"No," responded Mary, "but we have the loveliest rubber mat covering the whole bottom of the tub, and making it perfectly safe to sit down on the bath seat even if you have your shoes on." She flashed a roguish glance at Jack who a few minutes before had started to prevent her from stepping into the tub for fear she might scratch the glaze.

"Even without the mat your shoes couldn't hurt the glaze of a bathtub like that," said Tom. "It is one of the most perfect specimens I have ever seen. When they come out of the kiln, they are graded into three classes, A, B and C, and priced accordingly, class A being perfect or nearly so, class B with occasional imperfections in the glaze but equally good for all practical purposes, class C bringing up the rear. This is a *rara avis* among class A pieces."

"I wonder what Tom would think of Mr. Alexander's bathtub?" asked Mary, turning to

Jack. "He got it in Italy and it's three hundred years old."

"A very beautiful tub," answered Tom, "the most beautiful I have ever seen. I don't wonder that Mr. Alexander is proud of it. But it must be awkward to get in and out of, it's so deep. No wonder he never uses it, but prefers the shower."

"His is the only bathroom I ever saw with a fireplace in it," commented Jack. "To me it is a sort of cross between a bathroom and a breakfast-room. And it's large enough for both."

"I think the curved outside wall and unusual shape add a great deal," said Tom, "but the snippy little mirror and cabinet over the lavatory are certainly a mistake."

"The trouble with many elaborate bathrooms," said Jack, "is that they look too much like bathrooms, and they are so crowded with all sorts of patent contrivances that no matter how large they are there is no open space left."

"I think the time will come," said Tom, "when tubs will be entirely banished from bathrooms, and the shower will be relegated to a closet, with floor below that of the bathroom. Then with the other conveniences in a closet or

built into the wall, the bathroom can be converted into a regular dressing-room."

"That only works well when every member of the family has his own bathroom," remarked Jack.

"That's a fling at me," said Mary, "because I like our bathroom for dressing in. My dressing-room is so inconvenient." (See Chapter IV.)

"Jack and I really had a very interesting afternoon when we started out to study up on bathroom equipment," said Tom. "The salesman was especially well informed."

"I shouldn't call him a salesman," said Jack. "He wouldn't sell us anything, but referred us to our plumbers."

"Nevertheless, we afterward bought just about what he recommended. And if we hadn't seen him, I know we'd have both spent a great deal less," said Tom.

"After all that is salesmanship of the higher type," agreed Jack, "to take shoppers into a territory with which they are unfamiliar, and show them the superiority of fine goods over cheap goods. Every man stands for quality in the lines with which he is most familiar. The tailor measures a man by the clothes he wears.

The architect by the house he lives in. The automobile manufacturer by the number of cars he keeps. But each one of these is inclined to suggest economy and bargains when he gets to buying instead of selling."

"Luncheon is ready," interrupted Mary, "and I'm terribly hungry. Come Tom," she added, seizing his hand, "let's fly from sanitary philosophy to culinary appreciation."

"Well done, Mary," said Jack, but not till Mary and Tom were halfway down the stairway and out of hearing. Harriet and Jack followed sedately.

## CHAPTER XII

## THE KITCHEN

“**A**FTER all,” said Jack, as they rose from the luncheon table, “the kitchen is the most vital part. Unless it is well equipped and efficiently manned—or rather womanned as is customary in the home of moderate size—there can be no real joy of living. Beautiful views are delightful to look at, fine furniture and architecture appeal to the æsthetic sensibilities, steam and hot water banish cold and dirt, but hunger can be appeased only by the art culinary. As the poet says:

“We can live without learning or riches or books,  
But civilized man cannot live without cooks.”

“In other words,” remarked Mary, “the road to a man’s heart is through his stomach.”

“And to a woman’s, too,” commented Harriet. “Does anything sweeten a girl’s disposition like boxes of bonbons carefully timed and constantly repeated?”

"Mary has a special box every week from W——s," said Jack.

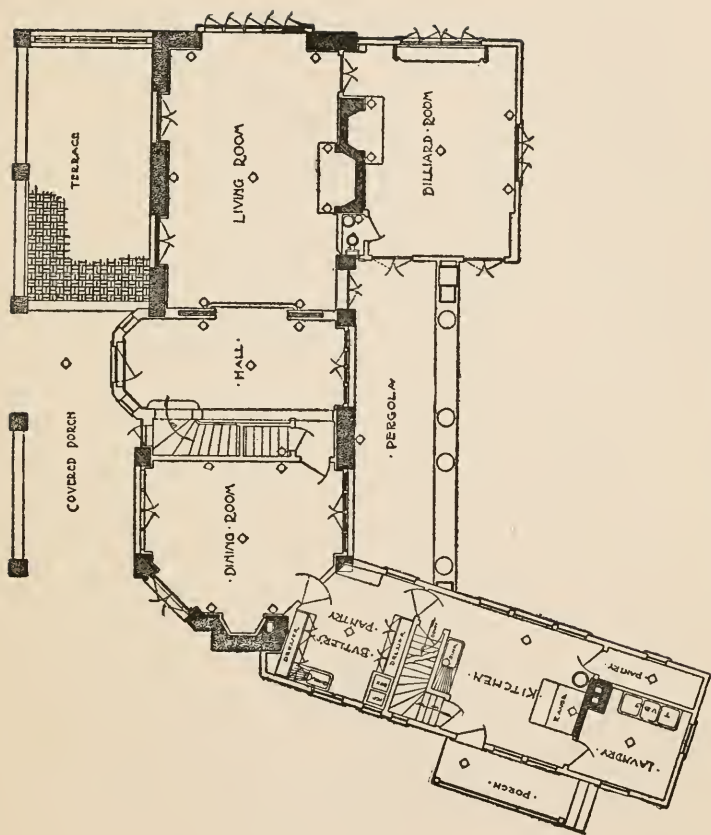
"And also some of the most delicious surprises during the week," added Mary. "But I'm making all sorts of confectionery and sweetmeats in our own kitchen now. Delia is a perfect treasure, and has a cousin who works at M——'s. Don't you want to see the service portion of the house?" And without waiting for an answer, she led the way through the butler's pantry to the kitchen.

"We regard the kitchen as the most successful part of our house," continued Jack to Tom and Harriet. "I wish we had a photograph to show the relation between the service wing and the rest of the house. It is 14 feet wide by 42 feet long, and does not set either parallel or perpendicular to the axis of the main structure, but bolts off at about fifteen degrees more than a right angle."

"I remember it in the plans," said Tom. "You told me it was the architect's idea that the unusual angle would open the wing and also the pergola between it and the billiard-room to the breezes, and keep all kitchen odors away from the master's precincts."

"I thought probably it was Mary's idea to





Plan of First Floor of Jack's House.



get the wing catty-cornered across the corner of the dining-room," said Harriet. "The more unusual and irregular the shape of a room, the better she seems to like it."

"Are you never coming?" asked Mary, re-entering the dining-room. "I've had half an hour's conversation with Delia and prepared her for the honor of the visit."

"Harriet was just saying—," began Jack.

"Never mind what Harriet was saying," interrupted Harriet. "Even if I do occasionally try to sharpen my wits at Mary's expense, I am obliged to admit that her constant catty-cornering, whether of people or furniture or houses, adds immensely to the gaiety of nations and makes us all feel for the time being at least that life is full of interest and novelty. How light it is," she added, turning her attention to the butler's pantry.

"Yes," responded Jack, "it's light both by day and by night. But I'm going to shorten the stem of the ceiling fixture, and substitute a 60-watt tungsten for the ordinary incandescent. It uses about the same amount of electricity and gives three times the light. With a 60-watt tungsten there, the light over the sink won't be needed."

"What a convenient sink!" said Harriet, noting the rubber tips on the faucets with approval. She knew well how many broken dishes they save.

"*And* the drying board," added Mary. "It is hinged at the side and folds up against the wall when not in use."

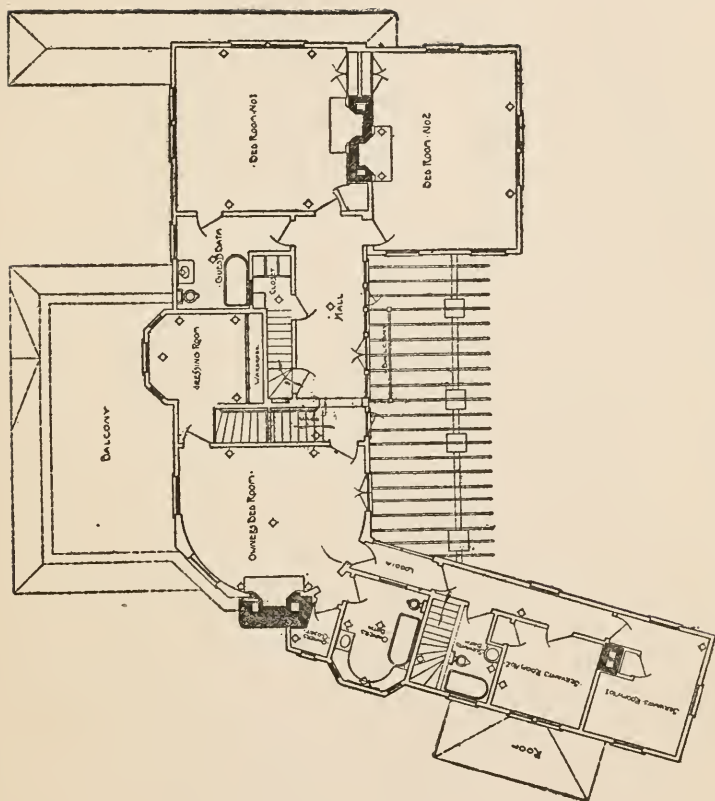
"Thereby allowing the cupboard compartment below to be examined without difficulty," explained Jack.

"The ice chest!" said Tom, opening the doors and examining the contents. "How do you get the ice in? Through the window or by way of the kitchen?"

"Neither," answered Jack. "Through the wall of the house. The ice man never enters. He drives up the back way, pushes the ice-box button, waits till Delia or Kate opens the ice-box door, and then deposits his load without conversation of any kind."

"Why not give him a key, and save the girls trouble?" asked Harriet.

"And give the ice man a chance to bill us for twice what we use!" said Mary, indignantly. "If I had my way we'd have a special scale to weigh the ice when it is delivered. We have one to weigh the sugar and coffee and



Plan of Second Floor of Jack's House.



small things. But it stops at twenty pounds. It's a parcel post scale."

"I thought the parcel post stopped at eleven pounds," commented Tom.

"It does," said Jack, "but nevertheless this scale weighs up to twenty. And all the way up to eleven pounds there are special columns giving the weight for each zone. For instance, you put on a five pound package going to a place in the fifth zone, and it tells you how much, instanter."

"Here it is," said Mary, opening one of the cupboard doors. "You can see for yourself. And the postal regulations and the map of the zones are pasted up behind it."

"Where are the stamps—the special parcel post ones, I mean?" asked Harriet.

"Those," answered Mary, "I keep in my desk in the den. They last longer there. And I'm going to have the parcel post scale up there too," she added, "and get another larger one for the pantry."

"I can see she is after the ice man," remarked Tom.

"Oh, she'll get the ice man, all right," assented Jack. "You ought to see the conveniences for fixing up parcels she has in the den."

Every known kind of label and tag, cardboard and strawboard, and rolls of white paper and manilla wrapping paper—the smart but inexpensive kind that comes from Sweden—all mounted on a rack just as if we kept a grocery shop.”

“Jack uses them constantly,” said Mary.

“Mary is a natural born accumulator,” said Jack. “She has the most complete assortment of medicines outside an apothecary shop. Comes an ache or a pain to any one in the house, and Mary is on the spot with the remedy. Did she ever tell you how she and Delia—”

“Here comes Delia, now,” said Mary, as the kitchen door opened. “Delia, Mr. Jack was just telling how I cured you of indigestion.”

“Indade you did, mom,” said Delia. “If it hadn’t been for you, I’d have been taken off to the hospital and lost my appendage.”

The laughter that followed caused Delia to withdraw hastily to the kitchen and from there to the porch.

“I notice that Kate uses a brass tray in serving,” said Harriet. “Don’t you like the mahogany ones?”

“They’re too hard to keep in good condition,” replied Mary, “even those lined with glass.



The varnish is always coming off. Besides, the hammered metal ones seem to go with our dining-room better. The mahogany ones, even those with brightly patterned cretonne or silk under the glass, would be all right for your dining-room."

"Do you find wooden floors satisfactory here and in the kitchen?" asked Harriet. "We had to cover ours with linoleum. The wood got too dark and rough with wear, and was almost impossible to keep clean."

"I'm afraid we shall have to follow your example, Harriet," replied Mary. "I wish we had put in tiled floors—in the kitchen at least. Tiles seem to be impervious to odors and stains."

"Why do you line your cupboard shelves with that lacey paper?" asked Harriet. "I thought that went out of fashion ages ago."

"It did," said Mary, "but we had such oceans of shelf room with comparatively little to fill it, that I had to do something to take away the empty look."

"What a fine big range you have!" said Tom, as they entered the kitchen, "and a concrete floor in front of it."

"I wish the floor of the whole room were concrete," remarked Jack. "I tell you the old

Romans knew what they were about when they built their houses. No wood and soft plaster for them. They used cement and plaster so composed and so applied that it has outlasted the ages."

"You mean they did after they got civilized," said Tom. "In the early days of the Roman Kings and the Roman Republic they built frame houses of the flimsiest kind."

"Of course," said Jack, "in talking about the Romans, I suppose one ought always to specify the period. The State they founded seven centuries before Christ, flourished twice as long after Christ, transferring its capital in 330 A.D. from Rome to Constantinople. I mean the Romans of the time of Hadrian."

"There were also some good houses built in Italy in the time of the Renaissance," added Tom.

"What century was that?" asked Mary. "I know, but I always forget."

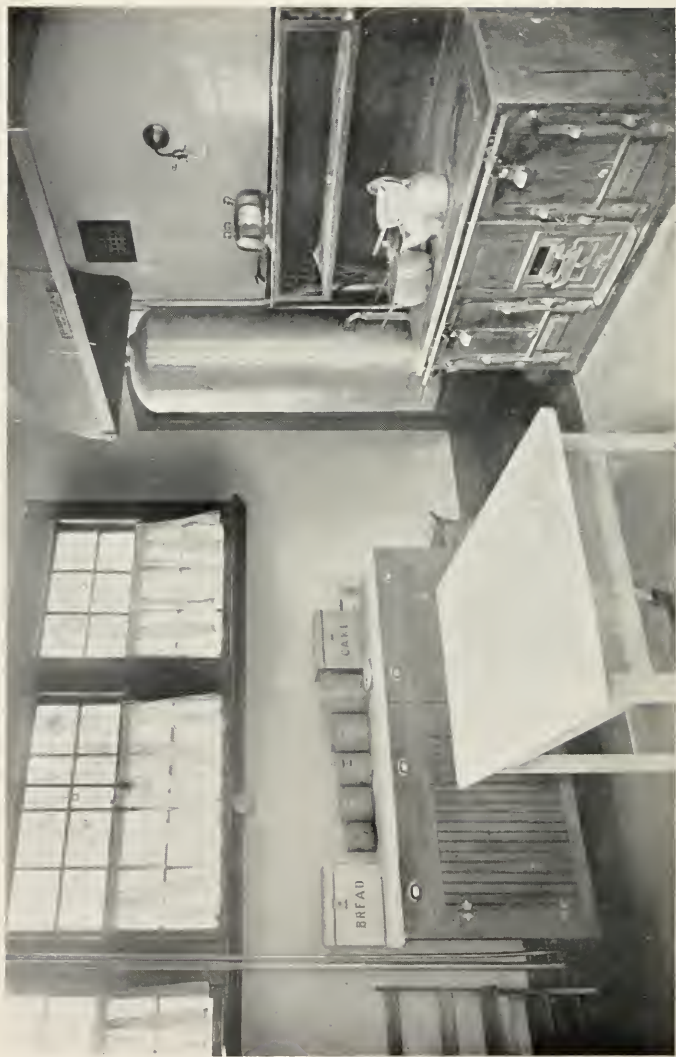
"The Fifteenth and Sixteenth in Italy," replied Tom, "and the Sixteenth only in Germany, France, Spain and England. The Renaissance began in Italy a century earlier than elsewhere. The revival of the classic was easy in a country that had never really lost it."

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Jack's Kitchen.

"I know a house near Tuxedo Park that is being modeled on an old Italian villa of the Fifteenth Century," said Jack. "The walls of the immense living-room are in cement—"

"You told us about that once before, Jackie," said Mary. "I wonder where Delia is. I'm afraid we hurt her by laughing at her. She's a sensitive soul."

"Out on the servant's porch, probably," said Jack.

"Don't disturb her," said Mary, "or she'll run off into the woods and never come back."

"Do you have any trouble with odors in your kitchen?" asked Harriet. "I was at Carrie Martin's the other day, and knew just what we were going to have for dinner by what I smelled beforehand."

"Probably her kitchen isn't properly ventilated," said Jack. "We had a special flue or rather air-passage built in the chimney next the kitchen range flue, and that keeps continually sucking the bad air away from under the hood, and taking it up where it can do no harm."

"Sometimes these ventilating shafts don't seem to have any suction power," said Tom. "Ours works all right usually, but in hot weather it often seems to loaf on its job."

"Perhaps the ventilating shaft is too far from the range flue," commented Jack. "It should have the range flue as one of its sides, so as to get from it the heat that tempts air to rise, and creates a draught."

"How much did the range cost, Jack?" asked Harriet, who was weary of flues and ventilating shafts.

"It's a four-foot range with a five-foot hood," he replied, "and cost \$94, with \$32 extra for installation. The galvanized boiler was \$21."

"Haven't you a gas stove for summer use?" went on Harriet.

"We have not," answered Mary. "There isn't any gas in this part of the country, and if there were we wouldn't use it. Gas," she added, with the manner of one repeating what some oracle has said, "is too inconvenient to use in lighting, and too expensive to use in heating."

"But is both convenient and inexpensive to use in cooking," commented Harriet. "We haven't any gas either where we are, down on the Sound, but we often miss it."

"Of course, the cook claims that the range heats up the kitchen uncomfortably in hot weather, but as for me I like hot water through-

out the house at all times day or night, and no gas cooking stove gives you that," said Mary.

"They have a gas attachment for water heaters to use when the range isn't working," said Jack.

"And a very expensive attachment it is," said Tom. "Henry Rangeley had one in his house at Norwalk, and told me it cost him twenty-five cents for hot water every time he took a bath."

"Some of these gas companies are too anxious to get rich quickly," said Jack. "And in their efforts they are killing or have already killed the geese that laid the golden eggs. It was the stupid unprogressiveness of the gas companies that allowed electricity to drive them out of the lighting field. One of the officials in the Detroit gas company told me it was time wasted to try and keep people from substituting electricity for gas, much more to attempt to have new houses piped for gas."

"That doesn't appear to be the attitude of all the gas companies," said Tom. "The exhibit at Madison Avenue and Forty-second Street is a wonderful demonstration of what gas can do."

"Almost too perfect a demonstration," re-

marked Jack. "When you come away you are so overwhelmed, that you want to buy stock in a gas company immediately. The contrivance that bowled me over was where you turn the hot water faucet upstairs, and in a couple of minutes, the gas heater having been started automatically, hot water comes pouring out."

"Provided the pilot light happens to be in working order," said Tom, "and everything is at concert pitch. I notice that where they want to light gas in chandeliers high above the floor, they have to call electricity to help, and even then often bungle the operation because pilot lights are such an uncertain quantity."

"The chief mission of gas nowadays," said Jack, "is to keep the electric men on the *qui vive*. First the gas men reduced the cost of illumination by the introduction of mantle lamps, and then the electric men brought forward and developed the tungsten lamp. Each trying to outdo the other, and the consumer gets the benefit."

"Not in territory where the gas and electric plants are owned by the same company," remarked Tom, cynically.

"Where do you keep your pots and pans?" asked Harriet. "I thought it was the fashion



nowadays to have them all out in the open hanging on a rack over the kitchen table or in some very conspicuous place, so as to stamp the room with its culinary character."

"I think that's all right in a large house," answered Mary, "where the servants have some other room to entertain in, but here, with the butler's pantry on one side and the laundry on the other, the kitchen is the only sitting-room they have. All the pots and pans are in the pantry at the left of the water heater, each with its own particular hook or shelf, and all immaculately clean." She led the way and pressed the switch that controlled the pantry light.

"Splendid," said Harriet. "And it has a window that lights all but the corners. I should think the electric fixture would be more useful in the back than in the middle."

"It would," admitted Mary. "We are also disappointed in the lighting of our kitchen. Jack says that one big tungsten lamp in the center of the room, about two feet from the ceiling, with a flat creamy-opalescent shade, and a frosted tip on the bulb, would be much more effective than the present arrangement."

"Are you able to persuade your servants to lower the shades at night?" asked Tom. "We

can't ours. They'd rather sit in the shadow-glare and let brightness all leap out of the windows than take the trouble to shut the light in."

"They don't understand what he means," commented Harriet. "They think he is joking when he tries to explain that window-shades of light color reflect the light back into the room."

"I do wish," said Mary, glad to turn the subject, "that we had bought a more elaborately fitted up kitchen table—one of those round underneath, with large compartments for flour and sugar, and smaller drawers and slides above."

"With top of marble or artificial stone I suppose," remarked Harriet.

"No," said Mary, "not that. White oilcloth tacked down all around is just as sanitary, if you renew it occasionally. The stone top tables with round drawers below cost \$16.50, while the plain ones are only \$10, and without the drawers only \$7."

"Why not a kitchen cabinet?" asked Harriet.

"I did want a kitchen cabinet for \$31," smiled Mary, "but Jack put his foot down.

Said they were all right in a flat or a cottage, but too fussy for a real house. But I did just love all the different compartments for sugar and spices, and the zinc-covered shelf that slides out. It was just like part of a doll house."

"You've hit it," said Jack. "That's just what most of these new-fangled contrivances for the kitchen are—mere playthings for amateur housekeepers. They're not made for actual use or real wear. They're just got up to sell. Why, Mary even wanted a *Fleishbrett* at \$3.75 and—"

"Ting-a-ling-ling. Ting-a-ling-ling." Delia's alarm clock went off with a racket. "That means it's time for Delia to begin on dinner," said Mary. "Good-by, Delia," she said, stepping out on the porch. "We've enjoyed our little visit to Spotless Town." When she re-entered, Delia followed her, wreathed in smiles.

As Jack and Mary sat with their guests on the front porch waiting for Tom's auto, Harriet remarked reflectively, "There is a great deal in what Jack says about doll furniture and furnishings. The shops are full of them. Made small and cheap to catch those who pride themselves on their skill in shopping. Of course, it

is to the interest of the stores that advertise bargain sales, to encourage shopping and shoppers, and foster the idea that a woman can easily save much money and beat the dealers at their own game. That is why most American homes contain so much trash. There's no trash in Mr. Livingstone's kitchen at Newport."

"No, indeed," said Mary. "It has the splendorous big table made for use, not show, with a kettle board on one end and a meat-chopping block on the other. And on the shelf under the table, canisters of sugar, flour, etc."

"It is one of the most efficient kitchens I have ever seen," said Jack, "but not well lighted. At half the expense—"

"Here is the car," said Harriet. "Goodby, dear," she added, kissing Mary as she spoke. "The luncheon was a fine testimonial to the merits of your kitchen, your Delia and yourself."

## CHAPTER XIII

### THE SERVANTS' ROOMS

“**A**T last our dining-room furniture is here,” said Mary, as she and Jack welcomed Cousin Tom and Harriet. “I can hardly wait for you to see it. It was all carved by hand and made to order.”

Presently dinner was announced and the four passed into the dining-room of the house that Jack built. “Why it looks like Latham’s ‘English Homes,’” exclaimed Harriet. “I feel as if you had taken us back to the Seventeenth Century, and to the exciting times when Charles I had his head chopped off.”

“If Charles I had been a wise king,” said Tom, “and Charles II a great one, the dominant decorative styles of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries would have been *not* French but English, and the great name in furniture periods would be *not* Louis but Charles.”

“Charles I made a very good beginning,” said Jack. “The tapestry works at Mortlake are a monument to his name, and anticipated

the fame of the French government works of Louis XIV at the Gobelins by nearly half a century."

"The soup," interrupted Mary, "is still hot, but requires immediate attention. Besides, the subject under discussion to-night is not tapestries or dining-room furniture, but servants' rooms. And I have the architect's plans so that you can see just how our servants are installed."

"What an odd word to apply to servants," objected Harriet. "I thought it applied only to church dignitaries, like bishops and archbishops."

"Oh, no!" said Mary. "Lighting fixtures and furniture and heating and ventilating systems are also installed. So why not servants?"

"If you were speaking of horses—" ventured Tom.

"That'll do for you, sir," flashed Mary. "Puns are not permissible in polite conversation, at least not puns that suggest the stable. I must again remind you that we are to talk about servants' rooms, and as this is our last chapter we cannot afford to lose any time."

"The problem of servants' rooms," said Jack, "is very much easier when there is space enough to locate them in a wing by themselves."

"Jack," reproved Mary, "why don't you let Tom and Harriet notice for themselves the crazy angle of the servants' wing. Anybody would think—"

"They did notice it for themselves," retorted Jack, "the last time they were here, and after the table is cleared we can spread out the plans and show how completely protected we are at night against our own servants."

"There is no connection between the second floor of the main house and the servants' wing," explained Mary, "except by way of the loggia, and when Jack locks the main stairway door we are absolutely safe from intrusion."

"Mary had a fright once at Uncle Henry's," said Jack. "The cook became hilarious one night, after a big dinner-party, and having driven the other maids from their beds and lined them up on their knees in the kitchen, started in search of new worlds to conquer."

"I was sitting up, writing a note to Jack," said Mary, "when the door opened and the cook entered without knocking. 'Down on your knees,' she screamed, brandishing a large stove poker, 'Down on your knees, and beg for your life!'"

"And what did you do?" asked Harriet, who

for some reason seemed unfamiliar with the story. "How did you outwit her?"

"I didn't," responded Mary. "I promptly got down on my knees and might have been there yet, if the cook hadn't heard a noise in the hall, and gone to investigate."

"Did you get up and lock the door then?" asked Harriet.

"No," answered Mary. "The next thing I remember Aunt Emeline was petting me and saying 'There, dearie, it's all right now.'"

"Hush," said Mary, pressing the button of the electric annunciator with her foot, "I don't want the maids here to learn about it. They would think me such a coward, and now they are much impressed with my bravery."

"That is on account of the tramp," said Jack.

"Never mind about that story," said Mary. "The way some servants are treated," she added, after the maid had left the room, "is enough to make them discontented and ugly."

"Are you thinking about Mr. Malcom's house?" asked Jack.

"Indeed, I am," said Mary, with indignation in her voice. "The five maids sleep in three small rooms on the third floor, that are hot as tophet in summer, and cold as the polar



regions in winter. No heat and poor ventilation. Low ceilings and decrepit furniture and bare floors. And one tiny bathroom where the water won't run when the pressure is low."

"You seem to have all the details" remarked Tom.

"Yes," assented Mary. "The maid that looked after my room was a nice young girl who had only been away from home a short time. She usually was all smiles, but one day she began to cry when I looked at her, and said she was tired of living."

"Of course, you began to make over her," said Harriet, "and before long knew all about her and her family and the other servants in the house."

"Yes," admitted Mary. "And I don't wonder the Malcoms have such a hard time with servants. They pay them well, but they don't take any personal interest in their comfort and happiness. I don't see how they can expect loyalty from those below if they don't set the example by doing their part as masters."

"The personal equation," commented Tom, "is of primary importance in running a household, and the smaller the household the more important it is. In a large residence the butler

or housekeeper can to some extent fill the position of just and sympathetic director. But where there are only two or three maids inside, with one or two men outside, the master and mistress must show warm personal feeling or fail to get satisfactory and cheerful service."

"One of the most delightful masters I have even known," remarked Jack, "is Mr. Bolingbroke. To be sure he has abundant means, but it is not so much the sanitary arrangements and attractive furniture that hold his servants loyal to him, as the fact that he is personally interested in the welfare and individuality of each, and knows them when he sees them."

"How many servants has he?" asked Harriet.

"Fifteen maids, each with her own outside room, simply but well furnished, all on the third floor, and ten men with rooms on the ground floor that would be the basement if the ground didn't fall away on that side of the house. All the men's rooms are light and airy, and there is a billiard and pool room and bowling alley for their especial use, and two large bathrooms."

"It was not a case of choice with Mr. Bolingbroke," said Mary. "He told me that the servant problem in a remote country house is

one that some owners are unable to solve, and that many magnificent places are closed a large part of the time principally because the servants won't stay. Still I think Mr. Bolingbroke would have taken an interest anyway."

"Of course, he would," said Jack. "Mr. Bolingbroke is one of the finest men I am acquainted with. He helps everybody who comes near him. Not charity or big tips to servants, which afford an opportunity for the newly rich to quickly achieve what seems to them like popularity in public places. No, not charity, but brotherly love. He is a regular mine of creative ideas. I found him one day showing an Italian street vender how to display his wares so that they would attract attention, and before six months passed Tony had a small shop of his own."

"With money advanced by Mr. Bolingbroke?" asked Mary.

"Not at all," answered Jack. "He merely furnished the ideas, and told the policeman on the block to be easy with Tony. So Tony got acquainted with the policeman and took out his naturalization papers and—"

"We seem to be wandering from the subject," interrupted Mary. "Harriet and I have a re-

port to submit on furniture bought for the two chambers of the servants' wing of the house that Jack built."

"You mean you have," said Harriet. "I'm sure I don't remember whether we decided on iron or wooden beds. I do know that we had a long discussion with the salesman about it, and the more we listened, the less we knew."

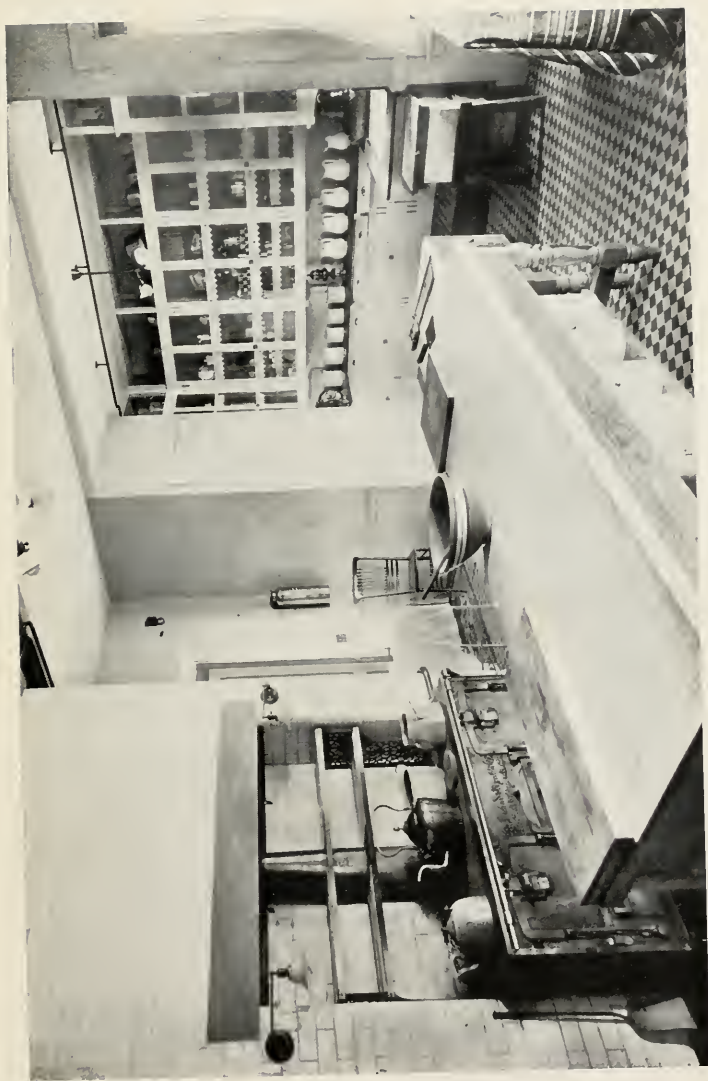
"We had two beds and a dresser to buy for one room," said Mary, "and one bed and a dresser for the other. Both rooms have closets and the bathroom is large and convenient, so that chiffoniers and washstands are unnecessary."

"At first," said Harriet, "Mary was all for furniture in natural oak. And when the clerk showed us golden oak, I thought she would collapse with vexation."

"Golden oak, he insisted," said Mary, "was a standard finish, and the swellest dressers on the floor at a moderate price were all in golden oak."

"His idea of swellest dressers was a scream," said Harriet. "All plastered over with cheap carvings and full of ugly curves—"

"And if we didn't like golden oak, he recommended Mission," said Mary, "either in weath-



Kitchen in Mr. Livingstone's House.

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ASTOR, LENOX AND  
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ered oak or dark green. Lots of lumber but no style."

"The mission of Mission," said Jack, "was to kill the American taste for golden oak machine carvings pasted on to shapes distorted from the French. Mission isn't a style. It was merely a medicine to take the bad taste out of the American mouth."

"The clerk showed us finally a small golden oak bureau for \$8.50 that he considered good enough for a servant's room," said Mary.

"He lost all interest," added Harriet, "when he learned we were buying for the servants' rooms. Seemed to think we wanted the cheapest things to be had."

"One thing I noticed even in the very cheap bureaus and chiffoniers," said Mary, "they all had wooden knobs instead of the brass handles that used to be the style."

"There were some very good chiffoniers without mirrors, at \$10.50," said Harriet. "Fairly good proportions and simple lines."

"And even the one at \$7.50 wasn't bad," said Mary. "Only I notice that in the cheap ones the drawers won't work."

"Mary wanted to get a cheval glass for the double room," said Harriet. "She thinks it

helps a girl's self-respect to be able to look at herself all over from head to foot."

"I don't see how a girl can be really neat who only has a small mirror," said Mary. "We saw a very attractive cheval glass for \$18.50. Besides, I know maids like large mirrors. Kate just begged me to get her a princess dressing table. She saw one she just worshiped for \$11.50. But I was afraid Jack and Tom would make fun of me."

"What I wanted to get was the dresser in natural oak at \$22.50, and the beds at \$21.50 each," said Mary.

"Why didn't you?" asked Jack.

"Because they would have made it cost too much," answered Mary. "That would have made over one hundred dollars without springs or mattresses or rugs."

"How much for the springs?" asked Tom.

"Four dollars and a quarter each in the three-foot width," answered Mary, "and fine felt mattresses for \$11.75."

"You can get mattresses much cheaper than that," remarked Tom. "I was reading an advertisement this morning that offered them for \$4.66."

"What kind?" asked Harriet.



"I didn't notice particularly," replied Tom. Finally he added, "I think they were fiber mattresses with cotton top."

"They pack down as hard as a board in six months," commented Mary, "and if they have a cotton top on only one side, they can't be turned. I wouldn't insult a servant of mine by asking her to try to sleep on a fiber mattress. A good cotton felt mattress is all right, and stays elastic and springy. Besides, felt mattresses are sanitary, which is more than can be said of the cheap hair ones at anywhere near the same price."

"Yes," chimed in Jack, "the best hair mattresses are superior to any other sleeping surface made. But the cheap ones aren't worth house room."

"If you didn't get the natural oak beds," asked Tom, "what did you select?"

"Enameled iron, of course," answered Mary. "It was Hobson's choice. Enameled iron beds with wooden bureaus also in white enamel. The beds cost \$5.50 each and the bureaus \$15.50 each."

"Less than half the cost of the natural oak ones," said Jack, who had been following the figures with close attention. And after some

more work with his lead pencil, he announced the total cost of the natural oak ones as \$109.50 and of the enameled pieces as \$47.50. Then adding \$48, the cost of the three springs and three mattresses, he arrived at a total of \$95.50 as the amount already spent.

"We could have saved money on the beds," said Mary. "In one store they had them for \$2.97 marked down from \$3.49. But they weren't very good beds. They looked strong and they had no trashy ornament, but somehow just to look at them made me feel homesick."

"The kind they call bungalow beds, aren't they?" asked Jack.

"Oh, no," said Mary. "They are several grades below bungalow beds. These look more humble and lowly than a cot. I like enough of the head and foot of a bed to show, to make it evident that the bed is a bed and not a bunk. That's why I bought springs that were raised on blocks at the ends so as to make the bed look high when made up."

"Your servants ought certainly to be comfortable," said Harriet, looking at the plans that were now spread out on the table. "Steam heat in both rooms, with two windows in one

room and three in the other, and an outside hall and an outside bathroom."

"I think they like the porch best of all," said Mary. "They seem to have a feeling that the chambers look too much like a hospital with all the white enameled woodwork and furniture."

"We're thinking of changing it to French gray," ventured Jack, and they all laughed heartily.

"At any rate," said Mary, "I didn't get blue and white rugs, except for the bathroom. But I did worse."

"From the art point of view, perhaps," assented Harriet, "but you certainly pleased those who have to live with the rugs." Turning to Jack and Tom, she added: "She bought four of the old-fashioned axminster rugs with soft loose pile, two of them with animal scenes pictured out, the other two patterned simply."

"And when Delia saw hers," said Mary, "the one with the puppies on, I mean, she dropped right down on the floor and began to cry, and said it took her back home, and now she always walks around the rug and won't step on it for fear of hurting the doggies."

"The rug ought to wear a long time," com-

mented Tom. "But as long as she likes it, I suppose it's all right."

"About one thing I'm very much disappointed," said Mary. "And that is the fact that we weren't able to get any good photographs of the servants' rooms, either our own or Mr. Bolingbroke's. But we have a rather interesting view of the servants' dining-room in Mr. Livingstone's residence at Newport."

"It doesn't look much like 'Home, Sweet Home,' " remarked Harriet.

"I should say not," said Tom. "The chairs suggest a poorhouse, and the exposed steam pipes and the radiator in dark color, a cheap office building. And the lighting fixture is certainly ridiculous."

"Ridiculous from the economic point of view as well as from the artistic and comfortable," said Jack. "One 100-watt tungsten with frosted tip would give more light and use half the current of the four incandescents. And the white porcelain shade is both ugly and inefficient. One in cream opalescent glass, ribbed and shaped gracefully, would obviate danger to the eyes of the servants while—"

"That," interrupted Tom, "is a very real danger. Formerly eye-strain was usually caused



Servants' Dining Room in Mr. Livingstone's House.



by too little light. To-day it is caused by too much."

"One thing about the servants' dining-room of Mr. Livingstone's house," remarked Mary, "is that it serves food for the mind as well as food for the body."

"How is that?" asked Harriet.

"Don't you see the books in the cases on the left? Those are good novels and other books selected by Mrs. Livingstone herself," replied Mary.

"Mary," said Harriet, as she and Tom started to leave at the end of the evening, "I've enjoyed our talks about house-furnishing more than I can say, and I am so sorry they're over. Can't you sell this house and build another one?"

"Perhaps so, some time," answered Mary. "Good night," she called as Tom's car turned the corner that led into the highway.

## PRICES OF SOME OF THE FURNISHINGS

The following prices are the average quoted by three New York dealers, some of which are more and some less than Jack and Tom actually did pay. It must be remembered that the same model made to order costs nearly twice as much as when made in factory lots, but at the same time is usually worth more. Also there are various grades and qualities in factory-made articles, and a Chippendale chair by a good maker is worth from 20 to 100 per cent. more than one by an inferior maker. In furniture, materials and workmanship are vital. Chairs and tables carelessly or ignorantly made of inferior lumber are not worth the prices usually paid for them—prices that, though often low compared with the prices of good furniture, are intrinsically high.

Jack's living-room is 26 feet by 16 feet 8 inches, with ceiling 10 feet high. Prices as follows:

Gorevan rug	. . . . .	\$250.00
Jacobean table	. . . . .	155.00



Small round table . . . . .	\$35.00
Tabouret . . . . .	6.00
Tilting table . . . . .	30.00
Wicker chair . . . . .	20.00
Two carved oak chairs . . . . .	80.00
Four two-light brackets . . . . .	120.00
Two candelabra . . . . .	40.00
Bookcase built by the local carpenter . . . . .	16.00
Sofa . . . . .	135.00
Sofa pillows . . . . .	30.00
Lamp . . . . .	75.00
Draperies . . . . .	75.00

Cousin Tom's living-room measures 29 feet 3 inches by 17 feet 2 inches, with ceiling 9 feet 6 inches high. Prices as follows:

Mirror over mantel . . . . .	\$50.00
Writing table . . . . .	90.00
Colonial desk chair . . . . .	20.00
Late Colonial armchair . . . . .	35.00
Colonial wing chair . . . . .	40.00
One Sheraton armchair . . . . .	45.00
One Sheraton settee . . . . .	85.00
Two Sheraton side chairs . . . . .	72.00
Colonial table with folding top . . . . .	35.00
Easy chair in corner . . . . .	50.00
Four two-light brackets . . . . .	70.00
Two mantel lamps . . . . .	70.00
Colonial bookcase . . . . .	50.00
Writing desk . . . . .	90.00
Lace curtains (fancy net) . . . . .	20.00

One large Persian rug . . . . .	\$225.00
Six smaller ones . . . . .	200.00

### Prices in Jack's dining-room:

Silk four-light hanging dome . . . . .	\$60.00
Four two-light wall brackets . . . . .	140.00
Sideboard . . . . .	205.00
Table . . . . .	155.00
Six chairs . . . . .	210.00
Small table . . . . .	55.00
Bokhara rug . . . . .	200.00

### Prices in Cousin Tom's dining-room:

One five-light ceiling fixture . . . . .	\$60.00
Five three-light brackets . . . . .	125.00
Eight chairs . . . . .	144.00
Sideboard . . . . .	120.00
One small square table . . . . .	20.00
One round table . . . . .	28.00
One center table . . . . .	95.00
One large Persian rug . . . . .	350.00
Two small rugs . . . . .	35.00
Two solid silver candelabra . . . . .	150.00

The Owner's bedroom in Jack's house is 15 by 20 feet, with ceiling 9 feet high, and one of the long sides a semicircle. Mary's dressing-room, adjoining it, is 10 by 13 feet, with one end a bay-window and the other a built-in

wardrobe with sliding glass doors. Prices as follows:

Brass twin beds, square tubing, white enameled .	\$40.00
Somno table . . . . .	21.50
Hair mattresses . . . . .	56.00
Box springs . . . . .	27.00
Electric candle lamp with silk shade . . . .	17.50
Six two-light (small candle) brackets, two of them in Mary's dressing-room . . . . .	60.00
One two-light ceiling bowl in ground and cut glass	30.00
Armchair, with loose cretonne cover . . . .	37.50
One rattan armchair . . . . .	12.00
Two rattan side chairs . . . . .	14.00
One couch, with loose cretonne cover . . . .	45.00
Five rag rugs, one of them in the dressing-room .	40.00
One three-leaf hand-painted Japanese screen .	40.00
Andirons . . . . .	16.00
Bureau in white enamel . . . . .	56.00
Mary's dressing-table . . . . .	42.00
Two chairs in Mary's dressing-room . . . .	26.00
Rattan sewing-table . . . . .	16.00
Silk hanging shade in Mary's dressing-room .	36.00
Twenty-two rolls of wall paper, at 80 cents . .	17.60
Hanging the paper, at 35 cents a roll . . . .	7.70

The Owner's bedroom in Cousin Tom's House is 16 feet 4 inches by 17 feet 4 inches, with ceiling 9 feet 3 inches high. Prices as follows:

Brass twin beds . . . . .	\$70.00
Mattresses . . . . .	64.00

Springs . . . . .	\$27.00
Bureau . . . . .	65.00
Shaving-stand . . . . .	24.00
Mirror . . . . .	20.00
Late Colonial armchair, rocker, and one side chair	56.00
Oriental rug . . . . .	250.00
Somno table . . . . .	22.00
Electric candle lamp with paper shade . . . .	13.50
Glass candlesticks . . . . .	4.00
Three two-light brackets . . . . .	36.00
Andirons . . . . .	18.00
Window-seat cushion . . . . .	25.00
Two other side chairs . . . . .	18.00
Fourteen rolls of wall paper, at 50 cents . . .	7.00
Hanging wall paper, at 35 cents a roll . . . .	4.90

### Prices in Jack's billiard-room:

Four brackets, two fitted to carry antlers . . .	\$56.00
Billiard table lighting fixture in hammered iron, with hammered half-polished iron shades, white enameled inside . . . . .	75.00
Combination pool and billiard table, white enam- eled, with special equipment . . . . .	395.00
Andirons . . . . .	12.50

### Prices in Jack's den:

Box couch in denim . . . . .	\$18.00
Wicker couch with cushion . . . . .	36.25
Two willow armchairs with cushions . . . . .	30.00
Late Colonial table . . . . .	30.00

# THAT JACK BUILT

201

Colonial writing-desk . . . . .	\$85.00
Swivel chair . . . . .	16.00
Fumed oak sanitary office desk . . . . .	25.00
Two white enameled side chairs . . . . .	14.00
One lamp with leaded shade . . . . .	6.50
One lamp with Japanese shade . . . . .	7.75
One adjustable desk-lamp with tin shade . . . . .	10.50
Five rag rugs . . . . .	11.50
Six pairs of net curtains . . . . .	21.00
Four two-light brackets . . . . .	30.00

## Prices in Tom's sun-rooms:

Four Swedish grass armchairs, with cushion . . . . .	\$46.00
One Swedish grass settee, with cushion . . . . .	19.50
Small Swedish grass table . . . . .	8.75
One fiber mat, 8 feet 3 inches by 10 feet 6 inches . . . . .	20.00
Four rubber plants . . . . .	55.00
Other plants and flowers . . . . .	65.00
Four steamer chairs . . . . .	22.00
Four steamer rugs . . . . .	28.00
One settee and four chairs, enameled in blue and green . . . . .	60.00

## Prices in Senator Parker's sun-room:

Six mahogany chairs . . . . .	\$120.00
One small round mahogany table . . . . .	35.00
One white enameled table with mahogany top . . . . .	150.00
One fiber mat . . . . .	22.00
One faun in artificial stone, with standard . . . . .	130.00
One artificial stone head, with standard . . . . .	85.00

One white enameled settee . . . . .	\$70.00
One plaster panel of cupids . . . . .	45.00

Prices in Jack's guest-room, of which the dimensions are 18 feet by 18 feet 6 inches:

Twin iron beds in white enamel . . . . .	\$36.00
Mattresses and box springs . . . . .	80.00
Cretonne bedspreads . . . . .	15.00
Two willow armchairs, cretonne upholstery . . .	23.00
One willow reading-chair . . . . .	20.00
One somno stand, with cretonne cover . . . . .	12.00
Bureau . . . . .	50.00
Dressing-table with stool . . . . .	39.00
Small table . . . . .	15.00
Five rag rugs . . . . .	10.00
Two two-light brackets at \$7.50 each . . . . .	15.00
Somno wooden candle, with cretonne shade . . .	7.50
Sixteen rolls of wall paper at 50 cents, plus 35 cents a roll for hanging . . . . .	13.60
Willow couch, with loose silk floss cretonne-covered cushion . . . . .	35.00
Draperies for two double windows . . . . .	16.00

Prices in Tom's guest-room, of which the dimensions are 13 feet by 14 feet 6 inches:

Mahogany double bed, with brass mounts . . .	\$150.00
Mattress and box spring . . . . .	53.00
Mahogany bureau, with brass mounts . . . . .	145.00
Mahogany chiffonier . . . . .	65.00
Martha Washington work-table, with inlay . . .	30.00

# THAT JACK BUILT

203

One mahogany armchair, with rush seat . . .	\$12.00
Two side chairs to match . . . . .	18.00
Two Guenje rugs . . . . .	56.00
Ten rolls wall paper at 40 cents, plus 35 cents a roll for hanging . . . . .	7.50
Colonial mirror . . . . .	25.00
Framed engraving . . . . .	10.00
Two two-light brackets . . . . .	16.00
Bracket over mirror, with silk shade . . . .	22.50
Two pairs lace curtains . . . . .	15.00











